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New-York.

"Colonial extacies and moans,
"Sighs and simpers, grins and groans,
"Celia's waist and Celebs' sonnets,
"Girls of grace, and Broadway bonnets,
"Blue-eyed belles and black-eyed beaus,
"Oho! and aha! and aha! and oho!!!

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—Our patrons are full well aware that the course which we have marked out for ourselves lies not among the sorrows, the perplexities, and the disappointments of humanity. We seek to garnish the rugged pathway of life with the flowers of wit and good humor, rather than to moisten it with the tears of sympathy for the perils and sufferings with which it abounds. But the following article, from the pen of an unknown correspondent, is so moving and withal so passionate a portrayal of a universal grievance—one which cries aloud for a speedy and thorough "reform"—that we pride ourselves on doing the public a substantial service by transplanting it into our columns.

Mr. Editor—I detest, abhor, and abominate *underdone meat*. The sight of it causes a chill to run through my body, similar to that experienced during the operation of a shower-bath. *Rare beef!*—bah! I'd as lief eat a dish composed of horses' hoofs and muskrats' tails, rendered *ragoute* by the addition of half a dozen cats' claws and a sprinkling of jack-knives.

Yes! I am too much a republican to affect a liking for raw meat merely because John Bull loves it—"cause vy!" he is of such a blood-thirsty temperament that nothing save blood itself can satisfy his ravenous appetite. I never see a man gulping down mouthfuls of underdone beef, and smacking his lips with infinite relish as he sips up the bloody gravy, but I say within myself, "That man is not to be trusted—he is a cannibal."

For my part, I am really unable to conceive why folks will continue to ruin their constitutions by adopting this horrible practice. Oh fruitful source of every ill!—of disquiets!—of horrible night-mares!—of apoplectic fits!—thou art the only, the real Pandora's box! 'T is thou alone that bringest premature old age; laying low our young men in their prime, and filling the land with mourning.

I never accept an invitation to dinner, Mr. Editor, without previously requiring a pledge that no rear meat be placed upon the table. It is often urged that, though I do not love it, others may.—To such objections I answer, "Do as you please,—if you will accede to my terms, then will I come to your dinner, but not otherwise, as I am determined to hold no communication with beings who are not removed one degree from man-eaters." I have endured so many mortifications—not to say abominations—that I was obliged, in self-defence, to come to this determination.

The first time I ever attended a dinner-party, my plate was overloaded with raw meat. Being very timorous, and wishing not to appear singular, I thrust a piece into my mouth with about as much eagerness as a dog would snap at a live coal. But this was the easiest part of the task. My masticators were put in motion, and I chewed and chewed, and then attempted to swallow it; but it would not go down. I recommenced chewing with ten-fold assiduity, in order to tear it into rags, hoping that it would slip down without my being aware of it. It was all in vain—there it stuck in my throat—my jaws were tired, and I could chew no longer. What was to be done? The eyes of the whole company, I thought, were bent upon me; and my face burned. I could not drop it into my hand without being perceived, and my agony increased. Mine host urged me to eat. I was unable to reply. Heavy drops of perspiration rolled down my brow. Every one of the party looked at me, and laid down his knife and fork. To bear it longer was utterly impossible. So, starting up and seizing my hat and cane, I bounded down stairs like a stricken deer. No sooner had I gained the street than I flung the cursed mouthful into the gutter, and vowed never more to go to a dinner-party without first ascertaining whether the meats were to be cooked well or not—and I have kept my vow.

Yours, truly, TAM.

New York, Feb. 15, 1831.

[Although our friend has expressed his horror of raw beef in a manner so forcible as to excite a deep commiseration for his sufferings, he may rest assured that he has by no means exhausted the subject. We may chance, when a little relieved from our present inordinate pressure of business, to take the matter in hand; and, in an essay of some half dozen columns, show most conclusively that all the "ills which flesh is heir to" are the legitimate consequences of the gormandizing of uncooked meats. We shall prove clearly that those dire calamities which now threaten us, in the shape of a hair-brained comet, and the all-destroying cholera, are to be traced to the same source. We have chosen for our motto the expressive language of Macbeth:

"If 't were DONE when 't was done, then 't were well."

But we will expatiate no further on this subject, lest we so far forestal our essay as to diminish the "sensation" which its publication cannot fail to produce; and we leave the matter in full confidence that the reader, when his eye catches the caption of our forthcoming article, will lose no time in drawing his pocket handkerchief.]

A respectable surgeon residing in Bucks, England, received a note of which the following is a copy. It should serve as a beacon to orthographical mistakes:—

"Ser, Plees to tind my whife, she kepes hir bed with a fiter." [fever.]

The Savannah theatre opened on the 29th of last month, with what is called a Dramatic Olio, by Cooper, Barton, and Holland.

The New Orleans Argus concludes its account of a late balloon riot at that place in the following *unmincing* language:

"The whole was a complete farce. It served, however, to prove that Mr. Adolphe Theodore, or Theodore Adolphe, is an ignorant pretender, a swindling scoundrel, and a pusillanimous wretch; that the people of New Orleans are easily gulled; and that our police is better than any police that is not so good as ours."

And another New Orleans writer, in concocting a bulletin of the affair, breaks forth, (almost unconsciously, it would seem,) into the strains of mingled sweetness and sublimity which we here annex. Were we disposed to play the critic on the occasion, we might say that we see no necessity for rising so far into the regions of inspiration in the mere description, when in the real "ascension" itself, there was no mounting a single foot above the earth's surface. We might also remark that the poet has allowed his muse to outstrip the balloon so entirely in their heavenward aspirations, as to leave room for the captious to accuse him of wandering from the subject in hand—but then we consider that true genius (and poetic genius in particular) often soars so proudly as to be to ordinary mortals utterly incomprehensible.—But we have kept our readers too long from the delicious morsel—so here it goes:

"I am a yolly Dietchman,
Yust kome from Yarminie;
Unt I'm yust as coot as an oder man
Vat ish no petter ash me.

Mine mouter says I shall have Sue,
But Sue she vont have me:
Unt I'm yust ash coot ash an oder man,
Unt a dam site petter ash she.

DIEBITSCH."

SUICIDE IN BRIDEWELL. Last Wednesday, a man name A——, was arrested and committed to prison on a charge of having broken some windows. On Thursday, the complainant called at the Police Office, and wished to withdraw the charge as he believed A—— was under the influence of spirituous liquors and anger, when he broke the windows. A discharge was immediately made out and forwarded to the Bridewell. On receiving the order, Mr. Taylor, the assistant Keeper, entered the prisoner's cell, and there found him lying weltering in his blood, but still living. His throat was cut in a horrible manner—an open razor lay beside him. As soon as the wretched suicide saw Mr. Taylor, he pointed out the following words, which he had written with chalk on the floor, "I hope the Doctors will let me take my last sleep." Mr. Taylor then shewed him the order for his discharge, upon which he started and snatching the piece of chalk which lay near him, wrote a request that the physician would sew up the gash which he had made. Mr. Taylor procured his removal immediately, and he lived until Monday.

The Lancaster Intelligencer says, "The Sheriff of this county has received from the Governor of this Commonwealth, the Death Warrant of *Daniel Schaeffer*, fixing Friday, the 13th day of April, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock, as the time for his execution."

Newton, the artist, and Washington Irving, are both, says a late London paper, preparing to leave England for this country. Newton, after a short sojourn in his native country, intends to return. Washington Irving meditates a prolonged visit to the friends and associates of his early life, whom he has not seen for many years.

A correspondent of one of the London Journals states that the best preventative of Cholera is the eating of Onions *raw* before breakfast, with a due proportion of garlic, pepper and salt.

Raw Onions and Garlic! "Ma conscience"!!

Signor Paganini is still the wonder and attention of Europe. A late English paper states that he was to receive £1000 for six nights performance at Liverpool.

The Boston Patriot says that—"In Dr. Milnor's church, New York, on Sunday, a gentleman had his cloak stolen from the back of his pew. He should have slept *upon* it."

A Drunkard's chance of getting to Heaven.—An eccentric preacher, in his address to his congregation, lately observed, that "there is as much chance for a drunken man to inherit the kingdom of heaven, as there is for a pig to climb up an apple tree and sing like a nightingale."

LONGEVITY AND HEALTH.—The Keene, N. H. Sentinel, states, that Mr. John Whitecomb, of Swanzey, one hundred years of age on the last Thanksgiving day, dined with the Governor of the State, or invitation, on the 3d ult. He was in good health, with a fair and even ruddy countenance, and liable to continue a tenant in the world's premises, perhaps 10 or 15 years to come! has a remarkable memory, sound teeth, and can read well with suitable glasses.

A HORRID DEED.—We learn by a letter from a respectable gentleman living at Brantford, Gore District, U. C., to a gentleman of this village, (who spent the last summer in Canada,) that on the 21st ult. a most horrid murder was committed about 20 miles southwest of that place. A man of the name of *Sweezy* a murdered his whole family, consisting of his *wife and six children!* The wretched man when found had several wounds upon himself, though not in dangerous parts. The account that the man gives is, that two negroes came to his house and committed the deed, which story however is not credited, and he is in prison to await his trial. No cause is assigned for the commission of so foul an act.

A PICKPOCKET CAUGHT.—A young man of genteel appearance, and about twenty-five years of age, was on Saturday morning last arrested in the neighborhood of the Post Office, in the act of picking a gentleman's pocket. It seems that the light fingered personage had been observed by some gentlemen on one of the wharves, when making an unccessful attempt to pick a person's pocket there; and suspecting the knave to be one practised in the art, and on the look out for a victim, a trap was immediately set for him. Thus one of the gentleman referred to, deposited a five dollar note in a bank book, permitting one corner of the note to be temptingly visible. The person thus accoutred called at the Post Office, and assumed to be inquiring for letters at the window. The pickpocket soon observed the note, and in a few minutes more contrived to have it in his own possession. The feat was observed by one of the gentlemen who had witnessed the unsuccessful effort, who promptly stepped forward and arrested the unfortunate wight, who was taken before the Mayor and committed to prison. He gave his name as James Alden, and, on being interrogated as to what he had to say for himself, replied "nothing." A companion who who was with him at the time the theft was committed, immediately took to his heels, on the arrest of Alden, and although chase was given, effected his escape.

Philadelphia Inq.

Some unmannerly culprits lately broke jail in Jefferson county, Ohio, and absconded without awaiting the "due course of law." Mr. Justice Ferguson in the commonwealth's name, directs the sheriffs and other law officers to hunt up the refugees forthwith; and the jailor offers sundry rewards for their apprehension. One of them is described as "rather a handsome little man"—one of the great Smith family; another is said to be "pockmarked and cross-eyed; having sunburnt hair, which looks as if it had not been combed for the last three months." Such a monster with his "knotted and comb-defying locks," ought to be overhauled and brought up to the scratch without delay.

Connecticut folks havn't done inventing new "notions" for trade. The latest invention appears to be *blackball*, made of white-wood and nicely shaped and painted. It is thought this article will drive wooden clocks, wooden nutmegs, wooden cucumber seeds, wooden hams, and horn gun flints, entirely out of the market.

DUEL. At day-break on Thursday morning, a meeting took place in the Lammas, between a Mr. B—— and a Mr. A——, the latter a foreigner, originating, we understand, from a love affair. As the parties were about to take their station, a carpenter, who happened to be crossing a field, approached the spot, and, perceiving what was going forward, solicited their patronage as an undertaker, should either fall. At these proffered services of the stranger, the friends as well as the principals began to look blue on the subject; and, after a consultation, the affair was amicably arranged by their shaking hands; and a present of two sovereigns made to the carpenter and the gunsmith (who had attended with the requisites) not to disclose the affair.—*English paper.*

For the Spirit of the Times.

ALICE GRAY,—IN ANSWER.

He thinks I mock his love with scorn,
And mock his fevered sigh.
He thinks that for a dearer one,
My prayers are breathed on high;
For, ah! he ne'er can know the love,
That wastes my life away;
He knows—he knows but little
Of the heart of Alice Gray!

'Tis true I braid my flowing hair,
And *seem*, in glee, to smile,
And all to hide the bitter truth,
That rends my heart the while:
No wonder that my conscious eye
From his, is turned away:
He knows—he knows but little
Of the heart of Alice Gray!

And I must bury in my breast,
Those choking doubts and fears,
Deny by day, in smiles, the woe
Confessed by night in tears.
For, alas! my hand was plighted
Ere I gave my heart away;
He knows—he knows but little
Of the heart of Alice Gray!

Feb. 8th, 1832. W. R. W.

WATCH-HOUSE MELODIES.

Like children of sin, we're all packed up within,
This horrible cage of a place,
No rum for to cheer, nor a mug of good beer,
To comfort us under disgrace.

Our lodgings, not good, on a floor of hard wood,
Though the beds are all made to our hand;
[illegible]
And so out of duty, we stand.

We late skipped thro' the street, sturdy pleasures to meet
With a gay and a gallant intent,
But the watch entered in, our brave ranks to thin,
And in this dismal hole we are pent.

True offspring of night, we detest the gay light,
For it is a great bore to our joy,
The sun's a proud fool, that restains riot's rule,
But the moon is a jolly old boy.

The stars are the kings, that procure us good things,
And the smile of deep darkness is pleasure,
For under their reign, our trophies we gain,
And pilfer, and pocket our treasure.

At the noon of dark night, we can drink, rage and fight
And plunder, pimp, ravage and prowl,
Run riot, hatch plots, kiss the girls and what not,
And sleep in mid-day like the owl.

In day, we're put out, by the people about,
But prosper, and flourish at night,
Our pleasures most full, when the world's the most dull,
But nought can be acted by light.

Away, then thou sun! thou preventer of fun,
Come noon, thou'rt a clever old fellow;
Sweet stars we will greet thee, whenever we meet thee,
And under thy mantle get mellow.

Ye watchmen, we hate ye, botheration await ye,
And may you go dry all your days;
May beards be your bed, and cold stones ease your head,
Unti a fine spree you will raise.

Ye police officials, with ardor solstitial,
With constables, bailiffs, and spies;
May you all go to jail, from a want of good bail,
And so fees or rewards greet your eyes.

Ye aldarman looing, who spoil all our wooing,
May you keep cold Lent all your lives,
And, ne storm police court, that destroys our best sport,
May the judges be flogged by their wives.

Then hey-day for this city, its virtues a pity,
Its laws shall be modelled anew;
When fee'd we'll turn out, ev'ry virtuous lout,
And ban the old ship with our crew. P.

LEAP YEAR, *by Cupid!*—Miss Eliza Montrose of Madison, Conn. has taken advantage of it already! She *leaped* into a house in the night time for the purpose of making *love* to whatever she could put her paw upon, but instead of committing "*bundling*," (formerly the mode of *courting* in the land of steady habits,) she was convicted of *Burglary*, a very different amusement: in lieu of going to church and enjoying a honey-moon, she has been sent to the State Prison to be confined at hard labor two years. Heigho! well, people that are light fingered are often heavy hearted—bless their souls—*Boston Morning Post.*

MERCANTILE FIRMS. We admire to see family connexions in trade. There is something which insures public confidence in the style of A. B. & *Son*, or C. D. & *Brothers*. There is a charm in it that wins esteem as well as confidence. Though "*dimination* owns no faith in partnerships," yet we have always remarked that public sentiment places great faith in such partnerships as we speak of, and well they may. We might mention many instances of firms in this city who have become very wealthy, principally from that mutual confidence between themselves, and between them and the public. Look at the Rothschilds, for example—would they have become the arbiters of Europe, if they had not been associated together in their operations? Napoleon himself confessed that this family had been a great aid to him in acquiring the power he attained. There are indeed exceptions to the rule. Connexions do not always aid one another; nor do the distinguished always have connexions to aid them. Washington had none; and Franklin's could not "hold a candle" to him.—*Boston Statesman.*

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.—Copy of a letter to the Editors of the Journal, dated Morgan County, Geo. January 17, 1832.

On Tuesday evening, 3d inst. between sunset and dark, I was informed by a negro man, who had been splitting rails, that he had found a very large fox, in a brush-heap, within a few paces of where he was at work, and requested me to take my rifle and kill it. Having good fox dogs, I declined taking my gun and proceeded to the spot for the chase, which was within three or four hundred yards of my house.—The boy pointed out the brush where the animal was secreted; I advanced up and gave the brush a kick, and to my astonishment and surprize, out came the largest Panther I have ever seen. I raised the war whoop, and put my dogs after him, and in running two hundred yards, the dogs put him up a large red oak tree. When I approached the tree, the animal was walking up perfectly erect upon his feet.—By this time, it became nearly dark, and I proceeded to build fires in different directions around the tree, for the purpose of keeping him at a respectful distance, until I could procure my rifle and shot gun, together with my negroes and balance of dogs. After being reinforced with arms, I directed my negroes each to light a good torch, and take a large stick to defend themselves; I then proceeded to shoot with my rifle by shining the animal's eyes, and after the third fire the Panther came down the tree apparently for battle, but when he came within twenty feet of the ground, I directed the negroes to rush with their torches at the tree, and the Panther leaped off at least 18 or 20 feet, immediately over the negroes and myself. I directed the negroes to keep up their torches and push with the dogs, and running about one mile, we again compelled him to take a second tree, a very large pine, and I then charged my shot gun with rifle balls, and wounded him severely in the shoulder. He then leaped from the pine and commenced his attack, first upon the dogs, and occasionally would advance towards the company. I then directed the negroes to keep up good torches, presented until I loaded the second time with rifle balls, and then dispatched him without the loss of life or dogs. The animal measured in length upwards of seven feet, and weighed one hundred and thirty-seven pounds.

CONSEQUENCE OF GIVING ADVICE. The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner:—"My dearest Jane, I do not think your figure suited for dancing, and as a sincere friend I advise you to refrain from it in future." The other, naturally affected by such unsolicited candor, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice; this proof of your friendship demands some return—I would as sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes actually resemble the squallings of the feline race." The result of this precipitancy was, that the advice of neither was followed; the one continued to sing, and the other to dance; but they never after met as friends.—*Drawing-room Scrap Sheet.*

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT. The following queer affair is copied from an old newspaper:

THE SUBSCRIBER,

Being determined not to move from this state, requests all persons indebted to pay particular attention to his

New Definition of an *Old* Grammar, viz:

Present Tense.

I am.	Thou art. He is.
I am*	In want of money.
Thou art†	Indebted to me.
He is‡	Shortly to be authorized, for want thereof, to take the body.

Unless immediate payment is made, you must expect to take a lecture upon my *new plural*.

The subscriber offers for sale, at his store, two rods south of the fish-market, the following articles, viz:

Solid Arguments:
Hot Oysters, Boiled Lobsters, Ham and Eggs, Butter and Cheese.
Agitations:
Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, &c.
Grievances:
Pepper-sauce, Mustard, Cayenne Pepper, &c.
Punishments:
Rum, Brandy, Gin Bitters, &c.
Superfluities:
Snuff, Tobacco, Segars, Pomatum, &c.
Extraordinaries:
Sea Serpent's Cones, Wooden Shoes, Water Witches, &c.

N. B. The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz:

Bank Bills at par, Crowns, Dollars, half ditto, quarter ditto, Pistareens, Ninepenny pieces, Four-penny-half-penny-ditto, or cents.

Terms of Payment:

One half the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

Rudiments gratis, viz:

Those indebted for - - - - - -	Arguments
Must not be - - - - - - - -	Agitated;
Nor think it a - - - - - - -	Grievance
If they should meet with - - -	Punishment
For calling for such - - - - -	Superfluities;
Nor think it - - - - - - - -	Extraordinary
That I find it - - - - - - -	Necessary
To demand immediate - - - -	Payment.

ANDREW SMITH.

* Andrew Smith. † Any one the coat fits. ‡ Hezekiah Goddard, Sheriff's Deputy

FOOT RACE.

An excellent race of 120 yards was run near Knutsford, Cheshire, Oct. 3d, between Richard Stockton, *alias* the Forrester, and the Manchester Sand-boy, £25 a side. Heavy betting took place but in the result it was so close that it was pronounced by the referee to be a *dead shot*. It is expected they will be matched again. The distance was run in thirteen seconds. Should the Forrester prove successfull on the second race, he will be matched against Isaac Bisse.—*Late English paper.*

The Post Master at Baton Rouge has offered a reward of two hundred dollars for the apprehension of either of the persons who robbed the Western mail on the night of the 11th inst—to be paid on conviction.

WOLF STORIES.

In early times, a negro man was passing in the night in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance; he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and had been repelled, as appeared from the blood and tracks.—He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

On another occasion, many years ago, a negro man was going through woods with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves was on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin which stood by the way side—into this he rushed for shelter—and without waiting to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and became quite ferocious, howled and leaped, and endeavored with every exaggeration of rage to get at him. The moon was now shining brightly, and he being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened. Then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good-naturedly played for them all night, very much as he supposed, to their edification and amusement, for like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined it had power to soften even the heart of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbors assembled and destroyed the captives with great rejoicing.

NEGRO WIT.

"How much ya charge, Massa Magistrate to marry me and Miss Dinah."

"Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars."

"Two dollars—what you charge to marry white folks, massa."

"We generally charge them five dollars, Clem."

"Well, ya marry us like white folks, and I give ya five dollars, too."

"Why, Clem, that's a curious notion, but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks, for five dollars."

The ceremony being over, and Clem and Dinah made one, the Magistrate asked for his fee.

"Oh no, massa, ya no come up to de greement—ya *no kiss de bride*."

"Get out of my office you black rascal."

And so Clem got married for nothing.

A negro with an enviable pouting lip, flat nose, in fact of real Guinea stamp, whose phiz looked more like a caricature than an original, sat under a hill fishing. A mischievous boy, attracted by the comical appearance of Cuffee, procured a fresh quid of tobacco, and dropped it directly on the poor fellow's under lip.

"What ya bout da!—Ya see what ya do!—I had ya hea I'd come up da and knock boff ya eyes into next fort o July, ya young scoundrel. I no take it off, no, for I take it rite strate and show it to ya farder."

Combustion.—Just as the southern mail was leaving this city for the north, this morning, the mail bag was discovered to be on fire. It was immediately opened; fears being entertained that some hot political papers of opposite opinions, had got together and were consuming each other up, somewhat after the manner of the Kilkenny cats. Several packages were burning, and one was quite in a blaze. It is supposed to have arisen from unextinguished sealing wax;—or perhaps from spontaneous combustion. Conjectures as to any other cause are, to use the ordinary parlance, "shrouded in mystery."—*Philad. Gaz.*

LEAP YEAR.—The following is extracted from an old volume printed in 1806, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony:"

Albeit is nowe become a parte of the common lawe, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every hesextile year dothe return, the ladyes have the privilege during the time it continueth, of making love unto men, which they may do either by words or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover no man will be entitled to the benefits of the clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treate her proposal with slight or contumely.

At a late trial in the Circuit court of the U. S., in this city, the jury was composed of citizens of the following religious denominations:—Episcopalian, Jewish, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Quaker. This is a fine picture of the real equality of religious rights and responsibility in this country, and of the harmony with which they move and act together in the discharge of their public duties.

During the French Revolution, every one was called *brother*. A Jacobin, entering a coffee-room and seeing a man reading the paper, said, "Brother when you have done with that, I'll think you for it." No reply. He repeated it, still no reply. Indignant at the circumstance, he went and slapped the party on the shoulder, repeating his demand a third time. "I beg your pardon," said the young man, "I did not think you were speaking to me, for I am an *only son*."

The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the superscription of a letter which passed thro' the Boston Post Office recently:—

"For the cursed that goes nover the ded bodies that dies suddenly."

Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.

☞REMOVAL. We have engaged, for the better accommodation of our friends and patrons, commodious rooms in CHATHAM SQUARE, over the Office of the N.Y. Daily Sentinel, at the corner of Mott-street, from which Office our paper will hereafter be issued. Improvements are being made in the matter and appearance of our sheet—but we dislike promising, and will defer anything more till next week.

FROM EUROPE.

By the ship Nimrod, Capt. Atkins, which arrived on Thursday evening, London dates to the 8th, and Liverpool to the 9th, from whence she sailed, are received. The opinion generally entertained here, is that the general peace of Europe is more seriously threatened than it has been for some time past. It seems Russia has withheld her approbation from the terms prescribed by the London Conference for the settlement of affairs between Belgium and Holland. The Cholera is spreading its ravages throughout Great Britain. The following is the last report received at the Board of Health, London:

Cases remaining of last report,	225
New Cases,	59
Recovered,	34
Died,	15
Remaining,	236
Cases from the commencement,	1146
Deaths do. do.	493

We are so much crowded with local matters, &c. this week, that we must be excused from giving more room to foreign news.

DRESS.—A London paper, describing the dresses of some ladies on a public occasion in that city, makes the following statements:

"The Duchess of Argyle, in a dress of massive gold tissue, her raven locks, and a prodigious plume of feathers of the same color, produced a contrast with her diamonds equalled only by

"The Duchess of Bedford, whose jewelry astonished all by its glitter and glare. The latter made a prodigious display indeed. Independently of the necklace, which cost *forty thousand guineas*, ($250,000,) chains of diamonds, with amethysts in the centre, decorated her Grace's dress, from the thick velvet Spanish hat, to the girdle or cestus, below the commencement.

"The Hon. Mrs. Hope, was a meteor in the throng; that lady was a moving firmament, and it was said that the cost of brilliants alone in a dress of sombre hue (darkness (crimson,) exceeded *seven hundred thousand pounds! or three millions one hundred and eighty thousand dollars!*"

This single sum, a Georgia editor states, is more than sufficient to pay the salaries of *all the Governors* in the U. States for *fifty-five years!* and, if divided among the people of this country, would be about $8 to every person, both white and black, in the State of Georgia; and nearly $518 to every person in the city of Augusta. It is also about *one sixth* of the expense of our national government for a year.

THE CASE OF DR. PHILLIPS.—At the commencement of our publication we announced our intention to report, among other things, the proceedings of the Courts, "when matters of interest should occur." We now present the case of Dr. Phillips, (as it is called) which has excited a very strong and general interest.

The case of the People, against Andrew Agnew, Margaret Agnew, Jane Bernard and George Graham.

The indictment charged them with conspiring and falsely agreeing to charge and accuse Dr. Phillips, of an assault upon Margaret Agnew with intent to commit a rape; thereby to extort money from Dr. Phillips.

We give *an abstract* of the Dr's. testimony.

He has been a clergyman living in the City since 1813. Margaret lived as a domestic in his family for nine months, and left his employment in July 1831—her sister Mary continued in his employ till November 28th, when she was told to look for another place. On that day George and Andrew came to his house, and accused him of attempting to commit the rape upon Margaret, on a certain morning when the servant boy was absent, and Mr. Phillips' family in the country. He recollected going to her room that morning and chiding her for sleeping with the door open so near the boy's, and that she replied that "*Jacob was but a boy.*" They accused him of taking liberties with Mary the sister; but *this*, Mary, who was then in the kitchen, denied.

Feeling the delicacy of his situation, a father of eight children, a minister of the gospel, and apprehending injurious consequences, even from the diffusion of the slander, he desired to be confronted with Margaret, and was induced to go and see her at Bernard's house. He did go—Margaret made the same charge with her brother.

Money appeared from the conversation of the parties, to be the thing wanted from Mr. P. and to obtain this they threatened a prosecution; but money he refused to give. Subsequently he saw the parties again and proposed to give 200 Dollars, on condition that all who knew of the matter, should be bound by an oath not to disclose them. They all took the oath required, but Margaret refusing to take less than $500 he told them, if they wanted money, they must get it as they could. He then consulted with his friend, and with legal counsel,—made his affidavit that the charge against him was false, and took his oath of it at the Police office, and before the Grand Jury.

At the time Mr. P. went before the grand jury, Margaret likewise made oath to an affidavit charging him with forcibly committing a rape upon her, and detailing quite at length the particulars of the same.

No witnesses were examined on the part of the defendants. During the trial Margaret's affidavit and the papers drawn up by Mr. P. signed by the defendants and binding themselves to secrecy were produced.

Messrs. Selden and Shankland summed up for the defendants, and Messrs. Griffin and Hoffman for the prosecution. The comparative credit to be given to the affidavit of Margaret and the testimony of Dr. P. was made a point of great importance, the result being almost to turn upon it. In behalf of the defendants it was urged, that Margaret's affidavit was made from no interested motives,—money was out of the question,—she knew not that Dr. P. was taking a similar course, and knew nothing of his affidavit, and therefore her's could not have been drawn up as an answer to it—but Mary not's affidavit was supported by the testimony of Mr. P. in very particular of its detail of its circumstances except that which immediately related to the very *acme* of the "morning scene"—that the *particularity* in the description of that scene was unequivocal evidence of the truth of her story; but on the other hand, the Doctor had every reason to exaggerate; his reputation, his support, his all, depending upon the utter denial of Margaret's story. As the prosecution was almost entirely supported by the evidence of Mr. P. this was strenuously attached to, and his attempt to hush up the matter by giving money was strongly urged; further, that the prosecution had attempted to persecute the defendants, in depriving them of a mass of evidence by having so many indicted, and some of them upon the most trivial grounds; that if the Doctor had suspected improper intercourse between Margaret and the boy, Dutch, it would have been easy for him to have produced Dutch, and thus proved this.

Against all this it was urged by the prosecution, that the counsel for the defendants knew, that the prosecutors could not attempt to impeach the character of Margaret, until the counsel for the defendants had endeavoured by evidence to support it; that it was likewise impossible for the prosecution to compel Dutch to testify, if his testimony must necessarily criminate himself. Further, that the cry of persecution was intended only to prejudice the Jury, for the same had been made from the commencement of the trial, and in order to stop it the prosecution had released three persons who had been indicted by the Grand Jury with the defendants, thus allowing them to be and as witnesses for the defendant and yet not a witness had been brought forward for the defence.' In regard to the "disgusting affidavit" of Margaret, it was esteemed by the prosecution as a most fortunate thing for the character of Mr. P. as there was abundance in the thing itself to prove its falsity. According to that affidavit and the other evidence produced, the rape was committed at five o'clock in the morning; in the front room of a house situated upon the corner of very public streets: with the door of the room open, and another clergyman sleeping in a room below; without any previous seduction—with force and violence, and yet the coverlet remaining undisturbed, and the woman making no outcry, but carrying on a brisk conversation all the while,—no marks of violence being found upon the woman arising from the struggle—her remaining in the Doctor's family a fortnight longer, taking one of her sisters there afterwards to be married by him; allowing another younger sister, to continue in his family for four months after the perpetration of the outcry; herself not revealing it to husband, sister or mother, for three or four weeks, and making no complaint at the Police office for five or six months. All these circumstances, the prosecution esteemed rather suspicious circumstances in regard to credibility of the "over delicate lady's" story. In regard to Dr. P. the prosecution urged his former perfectly pure, unsullied reputation; the moral impossibility that such a man, a minister of religion, with his "adieus to his lovely wife and large family of children yet warm upon his lips" is stooping so low as to have improper intercourse with a *servant*, and under circumstances where he must have felt certain of detection. The prosecution quoted and elegantly urged the Roman maxim, "*Nemo repente fit turpissimus.*" The Doctor's efforts to hush up the matter by giving $200, were excused as the result of fear, and of apprehensions of the evil that the diffusion of even an unfounded scandal would produce. The prosecution urged likewise the manner in which the Doctor gave his testimony—so plain, so direct, so unequivocal, that truth seemed to sit enthroned upon his lips."

The charge of the Recorder was strongly against the defendants and left hardly a doubt on the minds of the audience in regard to their guilt. The Jury were out about 12 hours—aquitted Jane Bernard, but could not agree as to the others. The Foreman stated that they stood 7 to 5, and had stood thus since the first half hour after they retired.

It is understood that the 7 were for finding the defendants guilty.

We have heard nothing, says the Kentucky Gazette, further from the "Wild Cat War," since the receipt of the following letter from the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of Jessamine. We understand, that the Mayor of this City, has ordered down a detachment of his Artillery. A severe cannonading was heard last evening in that direction, and we may expect further accounts in the course of the day.

Nicholasville, Feb. 2, 1832.

Dear Sir: Much alarm has been created in this country, by the appearance of eight or ten Panthers and Wild Cats, who carry off Sheep, Calves, Hogs, &c. &c. in great quantities. A neighbor of mine has suffered considerably and one of his negroes narrowly escaped with his life; after losing an arm and being considerably injured in other respects. He says, that in coming home from a neighbor's, he encountered two Panthers, one of which, bit off his arm below the elbow, when he escaped while they were growling over the proceeds. A pursuit was immediately made by his master and two sons, who met with three Wild Cats of the largest size, who shewed fight, but "put out" badly scared. Each had a Pig, which sent up most sonorous sounds, but it is feared to no avail. The Wild Cats have doubtless, long since administered upon their effects. On Monday the "Nicholasville Invincibles," will pursue the trail with the resolve of men, determined to do or die. The news from the army shall be forwarded by express, to relieve the uneasiness of our friends in Lexington.

If the fortune of war should throw me into the clutches of the Wild Cats, I hope never to regret it. When my country calls, I must obey the summons. *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, said the Wild Cats to the Pigs. This is the watchword of the "invincibles"—and what was sauce for the Goose will be sauce for the Gander.

Half Past 5.

Expresses are coming in from all quarters, bringing intelligence that the Wild Cats are reinforced by the Big Snake and Wild Man of the Woods. The Big Snake is now within two miles of the capital, rode by the "Varments." The citizens are barricading the streets, and Pigs and Poultry are pouring in by the thousands. Scylla and Charybdis—you know the rest.

In haste, yours.

RAIL-ROADS IN FRANCE.—The Messager des Chambres says, "We are much occupied at Paris with the rail-roads. Besides the road from Paris to Poutoise, the contract for which has just been granted to Messrs. Henry, Maffet, and De Rasby, the companies have projected the making of Rail-roads from Paris to Lyons, and from Strasburg to Paris. It is said that Sir Henry Parnell has proposed a Rail-way from Calais to Paris. Should a similar communication be established between London and Dover, from 16 to 17 hours would then suffice for the journey from Paris to London.

Several citizens of Wilmington, Del. have got up a petition praying that the "Living Skeleton" may be discharged from prison, where he is confined for debt.

MOST ATROCIOUS MURDER.

The late Upper Canada papers contain and an account of the murder of a *mother* and *six* children, and the strongest suspicion of this act rests upon Henry Sovereign, the father of the family. The following particulars are from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson:

A general horror has been excited in the minds of the inhabitants of the London District, by the perpetration of one of the most atrocious and unnatural crimes that ever stained the history of man—it is the murder of a mother and six, if not seven children! I will briefly state the particulars of this dark and bloody transaction, as detailed to me by the deeply afflicted Father and Brother of the murdered woman, and also by one of the Coroner's jury that investigated it.

The principal evidence, I am informed, was a neighbor, who lived between a quarter and a half a mile from the place where the murder was committed. He stated that on Monday morning, the 21st inst, some time before day, Henry Sovereign the father of the family, came to his house, slightly wounded in the breast and left arm, saying that there were murderers at his (Sovereign's) house and that he was afraid or expected they would kill his wife and family. The neighbor in company with Sovereign, came with all possible haste to the place. The first object that attracted his notice on his arrival, was a little infant about three or four months old, burning on the fire, one of its legs was burnt off nearly to the knee, the back part of its head was consumed, and its body was much burnt. Near the hearth lay another child in a state of insensibility. This I believe is not dead, although it is not expected to survive. By the side of the door was another, in a sitting posture, having been struck on the head with a bludgeon or some large instrument, which occasioned instant death. A fourth was found out of doors at the corner of the house, lifeless, and bleeding on the ground. About a rod from the house, in a path which led to an old hovel, was seen a fifth in the same state. Nearly a rod further in the same path was found a young woman, about 17 years of age, a corpse. In the yard in front of the hovel, lay the mother and another little boy close together, weltering in their blood. Close by the mother was observed the blade of a knife all bloody. It was found on examination, that she had received a blow on the back of her neck, which fractured her scull and dislocated her neck bone, and had also been stabbed in the pit of the stomach, so as to pierce the vitals, and divided one of the large arteries, which bled most profusely. The knife blade was immediately challenged as Sovereign's and the unfortunate woman's brother declared that he had frequently seen it at his (Sovereign's) house. Search being made, the handle of the knife was found about two rods from the place where the blade lay, and it was said that Sovereign had been seen a few days before putting a rivit in the self same handle. Sovereign, however, denied having any knowledge of the knife and said he had his knife in his pocket. He produced it at the request of those present, and behold it was also bloody.

The above together with the facts of Sovereign having brutalized himself by intemperance, and rendered his family unhappy, and at different times threatened their lives, and otherwise abused them, has created a very general suspicion that he perpetrated the inhuman crime. This suspicion is strengthened by the facts, that none were known to entertain any hostile feeling towards Sovereign's family—no persons were discovered or suspected—Sovereign's story that two men attacked his house a little before day and the manner of his escaping from them, appeared to be quite improbable—that the bludgeon (which is a club or mall about two feet long, such as is used in riving shingles) was found concealed between the straw and feather bed, and the mangled bodies of the unfortunate family had the appearance of being dead some time on the arrival of the neighbor who first witnessed the dreadful scene.

Sovereign was apprehended and sent to jail on suspicion.

REV. MR. WILSON.—A fanatic fellow of the above name, has been smuggled into and turned out of the Legislature of New-York. He was chosen preacher to that august assemblage, and to shew his piety and patriotism straightway by sermonising, began to bespatter the tombstones of Washington, Jefferson, &c. with hyperitical filth denouncing all and each of the several ex-presidents as men who lived and died "without having the fear of God before their eyes".

It is a pity that the great state of New-York could not have found a better man to occupy that place which he has soiled, and it is also a pity that [illegible] not made in this city, because tar and feathers are at a low price. A redelivery of his sermon here, would create a great revival, and a suit of clothes for the reverend gentleman would be gratuitously furnished him, unless the Devil was to pay and no pitch hot.—*Boston Freedonia.*

ANOTHER "PRECOCIOUS VILLAIN."The Northampton Courier of 8th inst. states that a boy 12 years old, was lately brought before Mr. Justice Huntington, and committed to prison in default of funds to pay his fine. He had taken offence, when on a visit to his aunt, in Northampton, at something said or done by her, and seizing a club, commenced dashing in the windows of her dwelling house; she went out to remonstrate with him on the audacity of his conduct, when the young reprobate seized her by the throat, and had it not been for the immediate aid of another female, she must have been strangled by the infant Anaconda. Enraged at the interference of the other, he seized an axe, and made repeated attempts to strike her down, which she contrived to evade, and finally escaped until his puny wrath and infant ferocity had subsided. This boy whose name is Burrows, has from earliest infancy discovered the most vicious and malignant passions.

PORT TOBACCO, Feb. 8th, 1832.

Dear Sir—I hasten to inform you of a melancholy occurrence, relative to an affair of honor, which it is said took place yesterday morning on the banks of the Potomac river, four miles from this town, between Lieut. E. Mathews, of this place, and Dr. G. Walter Jewson, from Virginia. Wherefore and how the difference came between them, I know not; et it suffice to say, that they exchanged shots at the distance of ten paces, and both balls took effect. Mr. Mathews was pierced through the heart and expired without a groan; and the Doctor was wounded in the lower part of the abdomen: it is thought by the Physicians he may recover. When will this pernicious mode of settling disputes, which has robbed this country of so many valuable men, be ended! I may say never, as men will never grow wiser on this wicked point. Lieut. H. Mathews was a young gentleman beloved by all who knew him, consequently his loss is much lamented. In short there is sympathy for them both, being young men and in the prime of life. *Washington Globe.*

An inquest was held on Friday evening over the body of a female child named Mary Augge, aged about 4 years, who was killed in the house situated in the rear of No. 52 Cross street.

It appeared in evidence that the death of the child was caused by the fall of the chimney of house No. 52, under the following circumstances: the house 52 adjoins the building used as a gas-meter, from the roof of which, a large pile of snow fell upon the chimney of No. 52, the chimney fell upon the frame building in which the child with her parents resided and broke through the roof and the floor beneath, and then falling on the child who sat beneath, literally crushed her to death! What renders the accident the more afflicting is that the mother of the child was engaged in washing some clothing in the same room, and the father was lying sick in bed, both listening to the innocent prattle of the child at the instant the accident occurred. The father was unable to attempt to extricate the child, but Mr. Farrington, one of the constables of the 6th ward who happened to be passing at the moment, hastened in, and soon raised the body from beneath the pile of bricks, but life was utterly extinct. A verdict in accordance with the facts was returned by the Jury.

The New Orleans Free Press says—It is said that one of the gambling establishments in this city, was disembarrassed of $11,000 by a fortunate individual, at faro last evening. That was rather severe!

Police Reports.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY, February 11.—A man and woman, purporting to be husband and wife, were complained of by a wholesale grocer, for getting spirits under false pretences. It appeared by his statement that under pretence of paying part cash, they contrived to get into their possession, half a pipe of Brandy, containing 77 gallons, at $1 25 per gallon, with the felonious intent of cheating and defrauding him of its value. After getting it they sent it to auction and sold it for sixty cents a gallon, being less than half the cost: refusing to give any other security than their own note at thirty days, which was not received. The offending party then put their goods on board a vessel, and kept out of the way of justice, but were traced to Long Island.

SUNDAY, Feb. 12—6 *o'clock, A. M.*—A dead calm in the natural world,—a wet, dull, dark and dreary morning, succeeding to a rainy night. The heavens frowned through the obscurity of a curtain of dense vapor, and almost flinging defiance at the light of day. The snow, in a melting mood, tired of its altitude, rushed in continued avalanches from the roofs of the houses, falling on the heads of the luckless passers by; and rills flowing from the dissolving heart of the ice, that had hardened in the street. The human heart, however, was unrelaxed and unsoftened by the thaw of icy's tear, and wo wept on its couch of poverty and pain, unsympathised and unrelieved. Stern justice still held her iron sceptre over the heads of the guilty and transgressive—but awed them not virtue. The pious Catholic, e'en at this early hour, was wending his way worthily to Chapel, to prostrate himself before the shrine of the Blessed, and to confess, and make and receive atonement for his sins. The proud and the wealthy of the city slept. The doors of the Police office were unbarred, the portals of the watch-house had turned upon their opening hinges, and a few faded and colored forms appeared before the arbiter of liberty or bondage, to answer for offences charged. Majestic mercy sat upon the bench, and mingled its sweetness with the frown of justice. The sprightly, sparkling cup had led some souls astray: and the foul of the fair sex, and the squalid and erratic of the strong, were severally arraigned and called upon to answer, which they did with fear and trembling. And although few comparitively were present, owing perhaps to the wetness, inclemency of the weather, and bad walking, interfering particularly with the velvet feet, and promenading pleasures of those birds of the night, yet enough was seen to prove, that vice holds her orgies in the darkest and most stormy hours and spreads her baleful empire over the gloom of night.

A colored man, named Stephen, was brought up having been found in possession of two large cakes or planks of white wax supposed to be stolen and relieved of his burthens by the officers in attendance, who acted as trustees for his property and guardians of his person. The time, the circumstance, the place, the story all appearing clothed with the garments of suspicion, and the explanations not proving as satisfactory as could be wished, for the welfare of his reputation; justice *waxed* warm in its demands for his committal, and he was sent not like another martyr to be *stoned*, but to be imprisoned between walls of *stone*, a cold comfort for his *waxen* zeal.

A man was apprehended and committed, charged [illegible] with a respectable fraud, to the detriment of the owners of a cargo of goods, abducted from on shipboard, by some questionable authority, in which act some skill and not overmuch apparent honesty were used. A large amount of goods was obtained, which promised a good speculation: but, alas! for human hopes, several hundred dollars worth were recovered, and the lynx-eyed police, were on the scent of other goods and other men.

MONDAY, Feb. 13—6 *o'clock, A. M.*—The mist and vapor had partly disappeared and Boreas blew a fine refreshing breeze. The snow and ice had ceased to weep, but other tears of human kind were seen to flow. The police office was early lighted up, and the array of justice was complete, when a good looking son of Erin's Ocean Isle, appeared before the bar, charged with having taken an improper liberty with a silver *watch*, which laid on the bench, "telling o'er the lagging moments as they passed." He, poor fellow, it seems, from his own honest showing, was an outler by *profession*, and had a good *caracthur* as any other of his pursuit. But having taken by some strange mistake, "a wee bito' the cratur," he sallied out advantageously at "noon of night," to seek the society of some fair one worthy of his love. He long time mused upon his hapless chance and saddened as he went, almost despairing of seeing a fond, congenial heart, but,

"At length divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the vocal frame."

Her face was fair as the "marble of night," and shining in all the beauties of Ethiopian brightness. The lovely couple soon engaged in "friendly parle" and exchanged the most interesting sentiments, when the dark colored fair one, thinking that "without freedom there was no friendship," politely thrust her hand into the waistcoat pocket of her admirer, and abstracted from thence two shillings in silver, to the lover's loss of that sum. While he, *honest* fellow, by way of reciprocating the civility, kindly, from her bright bosom drew the chronometer of his mistress, and placed it near his heart as a tender pledge of passion and devotion. But then, oh! strange to tell, the lovers quarelled, though Venus wept at the unseemly sight: and the fair Cecilia raised her loudest notes, and cried out 'Watch!' when to the guardian of the night appeared, heard the accusing speeches of the pair and bore them to the watch house. Thence emerging, there they stood, at early morn, and told their several tales of love and wrong, until out of pity for the tender passions of each, they were suffered to depart, admonished by the past to be less loving in the streets in future.

A German, with an unpronounceable name was brought up by a watchman, for the sin and exposure of drunkeness. He, poor man, had not discovered that water for ablution or for allaying the thirst, was common in this country, and appeared extremely unclean in dress. From his penitential story, it seems his business was to hoist up hay, which being a *dry* subject, and he somewhat indisposed, he was persuaded to take a little brandy for his "stomach's sake," and thus put an "enemy in his mouth that stole away his brains." After being admonished to put on a clean shirt, of which he said he had four, and to abstain from getting drunk in future, he was discharged—to raise his *hay*, not *spirits*, as high as he pleased.

An instance of matrimonial felicity was exhibited in the person of a middle aged woman, with head bandages and a respectable pair of deeply empurpled eyes, who (with her two daughters) preferred a complaint against her husband who out of love had beaten her, while laboring under the disease called drunkenness. He had attempted to perpetrate the same highly *colored honors* on her face before, which she politely declined by getting out of his way. The proofs of his *tenderness*, were now however of such a *striking* character, that *Patrick* was cited to appear to answer to his dear *Judy's* complaint.

Two sprigs of pugnacity were accused by a countryman of their's with having without any provocation, assaulted him; the one with well-loaded fists and the other with a flat iron; the one holding while the other gave him a hearty welcome in true Irish style. One of them afterwards challenged him to fight, which the complainant very unheroically declined, with an impression, that it might not be well with his face and eyes if he accepted. The assailants were both Vulcans, and perhaps, supposed that their fists were hammers, and the complainant's face an anvil. Orders were issued for their apprehension.

Two ladies of fair complexion, and withal, quite pretty, lodged a complaint against two other ladies, whose faces were rather darker than a brunette, with keeping a disorderly house immediately under the rooms the first occupied. From the statement it seemed, that the fair ones above stairs kept a little very genteel company, to kill dull time with, which said company, as men are prone to err sometimes, mistook the lower for the upper, and "chose darkness rather than light," causing green-eyed jealousy to enter their fair bosoms, and disturb their peace!!

TUESDAY, *Feb.* 14—6 *o'clock.*—A cloudy morning—wind on the starboard quarter: a red sail in sight bearing up for Bridewell, Brought up to the Police Office and found it full. Perceived that the devil had been among the uptown *weavers*, and eleven heroes and heroines of the shuttles were paraded before the bar to answer for the *bulls and blunders* of the past night. They were all from the Emerald Isle, and stood charged with riotous and disorderly conduct, assault and rescue. At their head stood a sanguinary son of Mars, with a most perfect chart of the Red Sea on his face, which was literally lined with gore, and so shook his "gory locks," and looked the hero fresh reeking from the slaughter of "a well fought field." It appeared that there had been a raffling match for a wooden clock and other valuables at the house of an Irishman, out of *mere charity* to aid his recovery and to pay for his doctor's bill. After disposing of that business of *mercy*, they became somewhat heady and happy, went to a grocery, and kicked up a regular row; maltreated their host and caused the interference of the watch. Soon the fight began, the bloody generalissimo headed his forces with his fists and with billets of wood, which flew about the heads of the invading watchmen thicker than grape shot from a twenty-four pounder. Doors were broken, faces spoiled, eyes dissolved, heads broken, and the laurels of battle were bound on many a brow. The invaders were thrown back with loss, by the desperate valor of *O'Neale*, who cried out,

"Charge! Chester, Charge!
On! Stanley, on!"

But the invaders rallied and finally won the fight, making prisoner the aforesaid *O'Neale*, and leaving a dozen more runaways. All the defendants declared by the Holy Virgin that they were innocent; but one being identified as having been found in bed with a billet of wood in his hand, and others being recognised as having fought bravely, four of them with their gallant leader were sent into durance vile; the rest were suffered to go on condition of raising no more words, and keeping the devil out of their house in future.

A white man was committed for passing a spurious bill purporting to be of the denomination of three dollars, on the defunct Hoboken Bank. It was passed to the colored keeper of an eating house, who swore to the fact.

A small boy was brought up, charged with stealing a handkerchief from a store in company of another boy. The poor urchin denied stoutly his guilt, which was persisted in by his young accuser. He was sent to jail, to await orders.

Two rough, ragged and dirty looking men, were brought up, charged with riotous and disorderly conduct and drunkenness to which charge they both demurred. The more ragged one put himself into an oratorical attitude and addressing the judge, asked, "Will your honor *ordher* me to *spake* a bit?" and was proceeding to deliver himself most eloquently by the aid of the impudence he had and the grog he had taken, but was stopped midway in his flight to fame, and with his coadjutor, marched off to prison.

During the day, a brown frock coat was stolen from No. 92 Liberty-street; and a cloth cloak, four caps, and $10 in cash from a house in 13th street; a box containing a pair of gold ear-rings, a gold chain, two cornelian stones, one cameo, one pair of ear-rings, two breast-pins, a bracelet, and several other articles, was carried away from No. 22 Ferry-street, and a blue body coat was stolen from 82 Orange-street.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 15—6 *o'clock, A. M.*—The wind low, and weather damp, the atmosphere thickened with vapor. Police office full. The person charged yesterday with having passed a spurious bill, giving such explanations and furnishing such proofs as satisfied the Court, he was discharged.

A luckless white, a husband and a father, was taken out of his bed, and carried to the watch-house, for exercising his high prerogative in beating his obedient wife, who with her mother were complainants. The *gallant* husband, for committing the assault, was *committed* to prison for further hearing.

A black woman with an infant in her arms, was committed for larceny.

The "Devil among the Tailors" was enacted, it seems, last night. Two of that order having taken "a glass in," and feeling quite heroic, entered the premises of another of the craft, and challenged his workmen to fight, being quite anxious to show their pugilistic skill. The heroes of the shears, not anxious for a spree, at the instance of their employer who was also challenged, called in the watch, and led the bullying invaders to the watch house. After suitable explanations, an acknowledgements, and promises of amendment they were allowed to be off.

A young man was brought up, who, it appears had entered an oyster cellar, in Chatham-street and after regaling himself with two bowls of the soup, offered a bill in payment, which being refused, he finally mustered the change. Then, on some trifling altercation, he assailed the woman, aimed a blow at her, and "tried to run her through with a chair post." The woman screamed and ran. The husband, like a lion, came in time to receive the blow on his arm, which was much scraped and bruised.

PHILADELPHIA.

TUESDAY.—*A Clock Stolen.*—The watchman at the corner of Broad and Vine, brought a couple of black women and a man into the office this morning, whom he had arrested in a house near Schuylkill Eighth and Vine. He heard their noise nearly a square off, they were quarrelling, the man charging one of the women with taking his cloak, and the woman loudly denying the charge.

The colored man, whose name was Thompson, made a charge against one of the women, of the same name, in the following style:—

"On this day one week ago, as usual, I was out to my work, and my wife was out, and we were all out, except this Miss Thompson, who, thank ivin is no kin to me, in whose charge the house was left; and my cloak hanging up in the closet. Well when I come home at night, the first thing I hear is, 'John your cloak is gone.' Ah! says I, says I to her, that is to Miss Thompson,—says I, I says to her,—says I, don't you know nothing about it, says I; and then says she to me, says she, 'no, I guess I don't John,' says she, 'but if you'll give me three quarter dollars I'll bring you back your cloak.' Not exactly, sis you know of, I says, says I, I never pays twice for my goods, says I, your Honor, and it passed off till last night when the subject was again brought up, and she refused to find the cloak, without the three quarters."

"Miss Thompson, are you willing to go and return that cloak?"

"Your Honor, I do not know a n-y-thing about that cloak at all. All I said, was says I to him, if you'll give me three pieces of silver, says I, I think I can get your cloak for you, because I had two pieces of linen stolen once and got them ag in in that way." The case was turned over to court.

GENERAL SESSIONS.

TUESDAY.—John Brody indicted for highway robbery. The evidence in the case shewed that a Mr. Piggot had been knocked down in the street and robbed of his watch; next day the prisoner was arrested in company with a man named Fields, who was taken on a different charge, to which he has since pleaded guilty. The prisoner here, as soon as he was arrested endeavored to conceal a watch he had in his fob. On examining the watch, Mr. Sparks one of the Police officers, discovered it to be the same of which Mr. Piggott had been robbed—guilty.

Michael Logan indicted for having stolen a chest containing a parcel of clothing from the cart of a man named Simondson.—The clothing was found in the possession of the prisoner, and he accounted for this by averring that he had found it, and intended to advertise it. In support of this, it was shewn by the testimony of Mr. Simondson, that the horse and cart had strayed away from him. The chest in question and a small box were on the cart; the box was subsequently found in the street and returned by the woman that found it. A witness for the defendant testified that he had mentioned his intention to advertise it.

The Jury returned a verdict of *not guilty.*

ABRAHAM RANDOLPH, about 25 years of age, was indicted and arranged for passing to Andrew West, a three dollar promissory note purporting to be issued by the Chemical Bank, knowing the same to be forged and counterfeit. There were two other bills of indictment against him for passing two other bills of the same kind. This case excited great interest in an unusually crowded court, and occupied its close attention until nearly 9 o'clock.

The Recorder recapitulated the evidence, and gave a just delineation of the social and moral magnitude of the crime with which the prisoner stood charged. The Jury pronounced him *guilty.*

FRIDAY, Feb. 17th.

AWFUL FRACAS.—Edward C. Paterson and Riley Boardman were indicted for an assault and battery upon Samuel Gradden. It appeared from the evidence that these young gentlemen were assembled, with many others, on the 29th of November last, to receive instruction in the mystic science of "the light fantastic toe," from that eminent Professor, Mr. De Grand Val. The plaintiff, Mr. Gradden, was a member of a class of pupils which was impatiently waiting to commence describing those pede geometrical figures and positions which constitute the usual elementary lessons in this peculiarly graduated art. Mr. Gradden "drew a dial from his poke," and said, not very wisely, "it is eight o'clock; in an hour more it will be nine, and then it may be too late for us to dance." On hearing this syllogism, Mr. Paterson, who belonged to a class then in full operation, flatly denied its major proposition; saying it was *not* 8 o'clock, for that full twenty minutes of that hour remained to be consummated. Mr. Gradden, probably mistaking a categorical negation for a dogmatical contradiction, considered this an imputation upon his veracity, and a stigma upon his honor, denounced Mr. Paterson and his friends as no gentlemen—and said he could exquisitely horsewhip no small number of such persons. This of course led to much altisonant parlance, (in the polite London coteries elegantly termed "chaffing,") and elevated attention; but ultimately mutual apologies, instead of challenges, were exchanged, and they all shook their hands and feet together with apparent cordiality. On leaving the room, however, shortly afterwards, Mr. Paterson said Mr. Gradden had given *him* the lie—accordingly knocked him down by a blow which divided his upper lip, and delivered himself towards him sadly. The Plaintiff also charged Mr. Riley Boardman with having made some fisic intimations. Being cross-examined by Defendants' counsel respecting the fact of his having his shirt sleeves rolled up in the ball-room, he said this was not a demonstration of battle, but merely an understood designation that he occupied the situation of a lady in the waltz.

Mr. D Grand Val, whose assiduity in his profession compels him upon an accurate calculation to spend three-fifths of his time in the air, said that at the moment of one of his descents, he certainly did think he heard one gentleman give the lie to another; but being immediately afterwards, at some indefinite distance between heaven and earth, he was not a conscious witness of the tragical result of the affair. The Reporter could but indistinctly hear this gentleman's evidence, and therefore prays indulgence for any little inaccuracies; but understood him to say that he felt himself quite exonerated from blame in this melancholy occurrence, as he was incessantly impressing upon his pupils the necessity of keeping correct time and proper distances, which would have effectually prevented it. He never wished to gallopade them into a passion, to mazourk them into any ungraceful [qy. disgraceful?] contortions or disfigurements, nor to pousette them into a duel: he meant to abolish the rolled shirt sleeve and to substitute plumes of ostrich feathers, but certainly not white ones.—Mr. Paterson was convicted of the assault and battery: Mr. Boardman escaped from the battery but was overthrown upon the breach of the peace. The defendants, however, are allowed to submit an affidavit, setting forth the extent of the provocation, which will probably extricate them from any really serious consequences of their combativeness.

A mill was carried away by a freshet, and miller rowing after it, wrote on the door,

Here goes my old mill down the water,
A darn'd sight farther than it ought to!

[*New Haven Repub.*

Guy Clark was executed in Ithica on the 2nd inst. for the murder of his wife. He acted with much levity at the place of execution.

Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK

Saturday Morning, February 18, 1832.

BACHELORS' BALL.

The disconsolate Benedicts of this city, feeling the bad effects of cold weather, and the want of good wives, conceived a cunning plan (something of the Sabine sort) to obtain companionable blessings, to cheer the dullness of declining life. To effect this grand desideratum, they turned their thoughts to cash, and purchased and procured a splendid ball in the City Hotel, bearing their illustrious cognomen, to which were taken in all the magnificence of costly dress, the beauty and the fashion of New-York. The sparkling firmament of lights, that shot a radiance through every room, and o'er all the scene was invariably brilliant; and the furniture and dress and decorations of the apartments were rich as extravagance could wish. Astonishment and admiration sat on every countenance at the magnificence and taste displayed. A contemporary priff in speaking of it, says,

"The walls of the saloon were adorned with grottos, bowers, shades, evergreens, pilasters, sentimens, sofas, mirrors, in the greatest profusion and abundance. The ceiling was beautifully ornamented with chequered drapery of various colours. On the left from the entrance, a splendid drawing room was flung open for such portions of the company as wished to retire from the dance, to murmur over the evenis which tripping "on the light fantastic toe" generally gives birth to.

The dancing commenced at eight o'clock, and was kept up with great spirit to an early hour in the morning. The cotillion, waltz, and Spanish dance, in succession with their varieties, were introduced; the music was very fine—several of the most popular movements and pieces from Cinderella and Masaniello were played and danced to, with great spirit and elegance. The Spanish dance was quite a hit—the waltz was favorably well patronized, but by fewer numbers. Cotillons are, now a days, rather on the decaye the French and German waltz, the Spanish figure, the gallopades, &c. are pushing them out of their latitude.

The supper tables were set out in the most elegant style. We could suppose otherwise from the *cuisine* of the inimitable and never to be surpassed Jennings? His "tigers" also managed with the greatest discretion, rapidity and dispatch ever witnessed—for Jennings keeps a menagerie of the finest animals of the "tiger" stock in this country. Three supper tables were set, all beautifully decorated with pilasters of ice cream, temples of sugar, and roses, red and blue, waving over them in all directions. The fair creatures demolished at the same moment, ten thousand oysters, besides twenty Grecian temples, and then, like charming Vandals, ornamented their hair with the roses caught from the tumbling ruins. All the ladies in succession were seated at the tables, and the gentlemen hung around them, handing about chicken and whispering compliments—oysters and delicate flattery, till every one was completely satisfied.

The style of dress among the ladies was elegant, and occasionally splendid almost beyond tolerable description. As there was a variety of graceful forms, there was every variety of taste and style in dress. There the graceful figure moved majestically with plumes waving to the changes of the music—a la simplicity in attire slided through the mazy evolution and sinuations that carried fascination to the coldest pieces of insensibility. It is seldom that a collection of really beautiful young belles can be brought together—The recent "Almacks" was immeasurably surpassed in this particular; however they may say to a vulgar thing—but there be ladies some how or other, do possess a superiority in the women, &c. Those fellows were your really generals.

On the whole this ball is to be regarded in a way decidedly elegant style. In the modern fashion to take count all the happy events which occur in the course of the evening—the first budding of the tender passion which will blow into blissful events hereafter—the silent auspicious of the fraternity after another suite of existence—the wonderful change effected by the united power of beauty, music and dance. The Bachelors themselves flitted through the company—"few and far between" with their silver anchors hanging from their button holes, trying to look something in the way of youth and beauty, to cheer and animate the remaining portion of their existence. Several amusing events of this kind took place. Some supposed they caught a beauty, when it was only a piece of "blonde," others best heaven that he was moored at last, when on examination he found himself fast to a window curtain—several got safely anchored on a bench of evergreens, and two were so violently assailed by the "grand passion" that they had to cut their cables and "haste to Kelvin grove" for safety and for succor.—What a night!

Such was this wonderful and ever to be remembered Bachelors' Ball. It was a scene so rich, that fancy cannot paint it. Aladdin's lamp were not so bright; locomotive porters were not more perfect. And if the hearts of many a Celebs is not touched with tender pangs, then beauty has no power to charm. It is expected that a long story of courtships and marriages will soon be told, that the *singular* number of the bachelor tribe, will ere long be turned into the *plural*, and the honorable fraternity to which they yet belong, be robbed of many a valuable member, seduced and inveigled, and morganized into matrimony, by the bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and sylphlike forms of the pretty creatures who graced that galaxy of fashion, with their presence and their smiles.

"THE ORDER OF THE GARTER."—In olden times, 'tis said, a king of Albion's Isle picked up the garter of a beautiful and noble lady, and was so greatly pleased with the treasure, that he established an order of merit, which he styled the "Order of the Garter," and conferred it only on those who met his special favor. This honor has since been conferred on many thousands of the proud, the noble, and the great, and held in high esteem by all who have won the proud distinction. A ribbon, answering to the character of the garter that the royal monarch picked up, was recently dropped by a pretty fair one, in a ball-room, as she whirled in the giddy waltz, and found by an admiring beau, and placed by way of triumph in his button-hole, making a pretty ornament only, of what an English monarch made a meritorious order. Taking counsel, however, from royal example, and deeming it no breach of the most refined delicacy to imitate such high authority, as a tribute of respect to our fair countrywomen, we recommend the establishment of an order of gallant chevaliers of the garter, who shall, in every drawing-room and at every ball, wear a striped ribbon in their left button-hole, as a proud badge of distinction, betokening their admiration and devotion to the fair sex, and evidence of their determination to defend their reputation and honor wherever rudely or lawlessly assailed. This is the more proper and necessary, inasmuch as some men not gifted with refined sensibility are too apt trifle with the feelings and trespass on the honor of defenceless and unprotected ladies, and thereby injure them in private and public estimation. Were this object effected, the age of chivalry, for every useful purpose, would be revived, men would be more circumspect in their conduct, and ladies would find a pillar of support, against which their helplessness might lean, in the person of every high-minded, honorable man.

SIR WALTER'S LAST.

We have just been reading the fourth series of the Tales of my Landlord. Like all its predecessors, they have very much amused and interested us. The class of characters Sir Walter has chosen to pourtray, and the period in which the deeds that he commemorates in his story take place, are the very ones that his numerous readers would have selected for him, in which to display the nicety and extent of his antiquarian lore and the natural brilliancy of his genius.

The scene of the first tale, which he has called Castle Dangerous, is laid in Scotland among the wars of the Bruce and the second Edward. A few of the incidents, and even the characters in his story, have been celebrated in the pages of a romance which, in our young days, we were wont to esteem the paragon of excellence. But the incidents are now moulded by a far different mind. If indeed the lyre may be the same, its chords are swept by a bolder hand, and give forth tones more grand and not less sweet.

The charm of the tale consists not so much in the excitement produced by incidents, as in the development of characters, interesting to us as representatives of a class of characters who gave the epithet of chivalrous to the age in which they lived. This if we are not very much mistaken, is the prominent feature in Sir Walter's writings—his success in embodying in individual characters the national spirit of a particular age, and yet pursuing with wonderful skill all the traits that mark *the individuality* of his heroes. "Castle Dangerous" is full of illustrations of our own opinion.

The scene of the second tale is laid in Constantinople, in the reign of the Greek Emperor Alexus. The crusades enable the author to gather at Constantinople the flower of European chivalry; and a good part of the tale is taken up in illustrating the various shifts and turnings by which the Emperor disposed of the fiery leaders in those holy wars. All the intricacies and treacheries of a conspiracy, of the kind peculiar to Oriental despotisms, are exposed with skill and effect. In this, the hero Count Robert of Paris and a gallant Anglo Saxon soldier are made to act conspicuous parts. Indeed although the scene is laid in the Empire of the East, the Knights of Western Europe are so concerned in the plot, that still

"the minstrel who called forth
"A new creation with his magic line,"

has lost none of the characteristics which long before entitled him to be called

"the Ariosto of the North
"Who sings, of lady-love and war, romance
and Knightly worth."

It is a pleasing fact, if the reports of fashion are to be believed, that an important improvement is about to be made in the illustrious article of bonnets. The ladies, dear creatures, hold their heads so far off by virtue of the present fashion that it was next to impossible to approach within kissing distance, unless dismantled of their head dress, which could not often be the case except by special favor, and from long acquaintance. Hence it is that the good old English custom of kissing has been discontinued, and a cold and formal bow, at ten paces has long been the fearful and comfortless substitute for the friendly salutation. Thus kisses this winter have from many a mouth that watered for a kiss without a hope, of being specially solved. But this generous fashion has provided a remedy for this refrigerate evil; reprobate man may now enjoy a hope of touching the lips of their wives and sweethearts whenever they choose to consent, without the insurmountable obstacle of frowning and forbidding bonnets.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.—A very considerable sensation says the Courier, has been created in the ranks of the *haut ton* by an unfortunate difference of opinion between a couple of the prettiest belles which recently took place at a fashionable resort. The whole fashionable world is awfully divided—one party supports the red rose, the other the white rose; for so their head dresses were respectively arranged. The origin of the difference is yet in darkness, though many conjectures have been made. Some suppose one thing—some another—some think rivalry—others that the red rose had more beaus than the white. It is certain however, that had not the weather been unfavorable, several coffee parties in consequence would have been made to Hoboken. Negociations are still on foot to settle the difficulties—the world is absolutely at a stand still, till the affair be arranged. We also learn that a fashionable *moustache* who resigned at the XYZ club out of a pet, has gone on his knees and now like the lost sheep, chuck by jowl, with the other ninety-and nine innocent lambs. We are glad of it.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—*Irish Wit.*—There is a peculiar ready wit belonging to the Irish national character, unequalled in its originality and elect in its effects. A Dutchman would require four pipes deliberately smoked, an Italian sixteen macaronis, and a Spaniard his whole life, to effect one specimen of ready wit, while an Irishman does it instinctively without thinking "at all at all." We were somewhat amused the other day by a dialogue which was related to us by a friend, between two Irishman, both of whom had been to London, and were anxious to display their knowledge of its localities: the dispute began and ended as follows viz.

Michael.—Spaking of London, is it that you are after! Divil a bit do ye know how many taverns there are in that same wid the sign of the Bull, ye spalpeen.

Pat.—An'is'nt it I that can tell ye every mother's son o' them, jist five exactly—the pot o whiskey of it ye blackguard.

Mich.—Done, and just tell us their names.

Pat.—There's the Black Bull—that's one—the Blue Bull, and that's two—the White Bull, and that's three, and then there's—there's (scratching his head) there's——

Mich.—Just pay over the whiskey and bad luck to ye—didn't I tell ye that there was but *jist four*.

Pat. Och murder! I've got it—there's the Brown Cow.

Mich.—Murder, murder, what a bull.

Pat.—Yere right honey—that's FIVE—*lip us the whiskey.*

FINN'S LATEST.—Why is Monongahela bridge, (which was half carried away by the late freshet,) like the Reform Bill? D'ye give it up? Because a new batch of *pieces* must be created, before it can be passed.

Which is the *deepest* and *largest*, the *broadest* and the *smallest* grave in Esher Church yard?—That in which Miles Button lies buried; for it contains *Miles* below the sod, *Miles* in length, *Miles* in breadth, and yet, is only a *Button-hole*.

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New York.

FANCY BALLS, No. II.

The march of amusement is uninterrupted by the frost and cold, and the sombre gloom of winter's dreary season is illumined by repeated scintillations of the most animated joys. Fancy balls, those splendid and majestic pageants, are thickening in pleasure's bright horizon, and giving a newer and a richer zest to hope. Another of those delightful entertainments, like that briefly described in an antecedent number, was given last night in the Assembly Room of the Broadway Hotel, and Mr. & Mrs. Trust have added another beautified garland to the rich honors that before adorned their brows. The smiling moon lit up the night with more than usual brightness, and the stellar lights shot forth their rays, as if vieing with the gol of day in dissipating nature's darkness. Within, all was light, and gaiety, and joy. The gleam of chandeliers and lamps, flashed thro each avenue of living, lovely life, and music rich, and full, and rapturous, broke forth, rivalling the harpists of the upper skies. Soon fairy forms were seen, like ethereal spirits floating over a sea of bliss. Soon lovely woman in her best and brightest garb moved gracefully in harmony with melifluous sounds. The eye of beauty as it shot, its beams abroad proclaimed the pleasure that tenanted the heart: while manhood's rougher mould was melted into soft and sweet delight. There were seen the variously costumed belles, with smile illumined faces, adorned with taste and elegance; the lovely Swiss peasant, from Uri's lofty rock, the land of liberty and Tell, in her own country's garb; the fair Caledonian Helen, of McGregor's noble house, with plaid, and kilt, and bonnet, studded with thistle ornaments, the proud armorial bearings of her high-souled country, with a younger branch of Scotia's lofty line; the Chinese lady, with her tiny feet thrust into a pair of small red slippers; the black-veiled nun, fresh from her devotions; the ladies of the French and English courts in appropriate dresses, and the neatly apparalled nymphs of New-York's noble city, all life, and joy, and glee, sparkling like visions of brighter worlds. Then too, there were the monarchs in their robes of state, with starry ornaments brightening their breasts; the Scottish chieftains bearing the proud port of a Wallace or a Bruce; the Polish warrior escaping in armor, from "the empty and bloody skin" of his immolated country, his thoughts still bent on Warsaw's ruined walls: the American Indian from his native wilds, in treaty with the whites for lands he could not hold: the German Huntsman with his horn and cap, and frock fresh from the chase; the Turkish sultan, proud and grave, gazing at the seraglio's lofty walls, or marching majestically to the mosque to do reverence to the prophet; the Persian Emir, swearing by Allah that Ispahan was safe; the harlequin with his thousands tricks and pranks in coat of many colors; the Spanish noble dignified and rich in Castilian pride; the old English courtiers of Sir Walter Raleigh's day; the American sailors with glazed hats, blue jackets, and white pants, bearing up for beauty's port; the Yorkshire farmer, with red hair and short grey coat, the grave barrister, in robe and wig, in the Court of King's Bench, bringing his actions and carrying on his suits. Officers in uniform with "eyes like Mars, the front of" war itself, and numerous others in fancy dress, while lawyers and doctors, editors and critics, artists and inventors, with a long range of private gentlemen of fortune, stately dames and young blooming daughters, together formed a company, not less of beauty, talent taste and fashion, seldom surpassed.

The night was pleasantly and happily spent, the dancing and waltzing were executed in a skilful and spirit-stirring manner; the elements of pleasure were happily combined; little Cupid with his darts, and love lit up some ardent fires from the flash of beauty's eye, which even the frosts, and snows, and ice of winter cannot quench.

In these cheerful and pleasant entertainments, so novel, yet so grand, Mr. Trust deserves great praise: as to him, we understand, is owing the credit of these interesting exhibitions—and it is to be hoped he will receive an adequate reward. To Mr. Taylor, also, fancy costumer, from London, much credit is due for his skill and taste in in preparing and furnishing such an extensive variety of fancy dresses. These balls will be repeated, and yet afford fresh food on which thousands of etherial spirits may feed and feast and joy.

EDITOR'S LAST SHIFT.—The first number of a new paper entitled "The True Blue and Castigator," from Cincinnati, is before us. It appears to aim at correcting the local abuses, which surround it, rather than at being personal; yet the Editor evidently appears to look upon this as a task attended by a multitude of troubles, and even *danger*—if we may judge from his description of what is now fashionably termed an "Editor's table." He describes it as containing manuscripts, pens and ink, and *pistols for two!!*

We give our readers an extract from his address to his patrons. It is a specimen of a style eminently "West."

Fellow Citizens.—Here I stand—there's no mistake in me—I'm a shorter from the upper salt works—never yet have flinched from gunpowder—and damme, fellow-citizens, (excuse me for *bluffing* a little,) I've never yet been exflunkeated in a row—never yet figured a man when he did'nt deserve it—and I'm always the first man to defend the injured—persecute the ungodly—and stand up to the last for perfect liberty and freedom.

ATTACK ON THE STAGE.—Dr. Antony, who arrived in the city at 2 o'clock this morning, informs us that he met the driver of the Savannah stage, between six and seven miles from this city, on the Savannah road, who stated that two men had seized the lead horses as he passed a small bridge and then attacked him on the seat—that he fell in the scuffle to the ground, when the stage passed over his shoulder, the reins were dragged from his hands, the horses passed on, with one passenger in the stage, the men ran away, and he followed after the stage and horses. Dr. A. had come two or three miles farther up the road, without seeing aught of the stage or the horses, and it is therefore probable they had passed down the Louisville road, or into the woods. Mr. Shannon, the proprietor, sent several persons after the stage immediately on hearing of the occurrence.

Mr. Shannon offers $100 reward for the detection of the robbers.—*Augusta (Ge.) Chronicle.*

POETRY. A keeper of a wax works in one of our large cities on Christmas day, while he was explaining his works to a company of spectators, on coming to the group of Burr shooting Hamilton, exclaimed, "This, gentlemen, is Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, in deadly conflict with the immortal Hamilton," and then lifting to the ceiling an eye teaming with the inspiration of bards of the olden time, he said,

Oh, Burr! Burr! what hast thou done?
Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!!
You got right behind a bunch of thistles,
And shooted him dead with a pairo' hoss pistols"!

THEATRES.—The Drama has of late years been assailed with such a violence of censure as evinces beyond dispute a determination among its enemies to bring it, if possible into contempt. Every institution, every amusement, every custom, that is not in accordance with their gloomy conceptions, or in the line of vision, would if their power were governed only by their will, be prostrated or abolished as a cumberer of society. The social system, subjected to the pruning knife of this inquisatorial fraternity, would soon become, what they would have it, a scene calculated to awake only sad reflections, and to fill the mind with shadowy impressions.

Entertaining, as we do, widely different views of the character and influence of the Drama, we shall not hesitate to throw ourselves between it and the shafts of its opponents whenever there may be occasion for our humble services. We have looked in vain for the many wounds it is said to have inflicted on the public morals; we have weighed all the objections that have been devised by the futile imaginations of its opposers, and have found them sober arguments that might be urged with equal force and reason against almost every institution, however important and salutary, that has risen on the theatre of the world. They are properly, if they have any foundation in fact, objections that lie against the perversion of the institution but cannot by any means, be made to mitigate against the institution itself.

There is, we think, attendant on the Drama, a train of influences in an eminent degree favorable to social happiness and national freedom. They are not confined within the walls of the temples consecrated to its service; they do not, like a strain of melting harmony, die in the same instant and place in which they are awakened. The drama is the sun of the moral world, giving buoyancy and freshness to the heart, and life to the drooping spirit. Man is naturally a melancholy being, and prone to harshness, if not savageness of character. He has triumphed over his original condition by his power of invention and love of novelty. He has formed the objects that minister to his diversion: the instruments that melt his heart and subdue his passions. He is in fact, the author of his own play things, which are not less necessary to his happiness than the rattle to a child of half year old. They are not only necessary to his happiness, but equally so to his holding the rank to which he has attained in the scale of existence. Deprive him of the charms of raised amusement, soft influences of music, and the other unnumbered blandishments of life, and he will fall back again into the bosom of the night from which he has risen, a savage or a slave.

The following account of Anderson's exploits during his passage to this country, is given by the London Monthly Magazine; when John Bull hears the whole story, he'll laugh t'other side of his mouth.

Anderson the singer, who made his *debut* at Bruy Lane or Convent Garden, last year, by singing Sinclair's parts, his *debut* behind the scenes by bellingeremy with Madam Vestris, and his *debut* at How St. by a general war with all that lady's friends, has exported himself to New York, and has, as rumor says placed himself in a general state of bellingerency there too. A Journal, after contradicting the story of his marrying Mademoiselle Victorine, or Josephine, a matter of no great interest to the Americans, who love a speculatrix as they do a speculation, details some of the incidents of the passage in a style which we think, must have been due to the pen of a regular Yankee. Nothing can be more graphically told.—One day, being pretty particulary merry, Josh would take the helm, which the mate resisted and down went Yankee No. 1.

The fallen thought it tarnation hard to see his first officer floored, so he planted a Mississippi muzzler upon Anderson's ivories, which Josh returned with interest, and down went Yankee No. 2. 'This will never do, I guess, said the steward, a regular back-wood nigger man of the Virginia breed, 'I calculate this Englisher means to maulet us all.' So blacky turned to; and although the best of the Yankee trio, he soon made number *three*. The result of this will, we fear, prove disadvantageous to Anderson, who, besides being prevented by his bruises, from appearing on his first arrival, has also to encounter the ire of Jonathan, provoked by the conquered Yankees, who reported that 'Anderson abused the Americans most considerably all the way out.' Jonathan is an awkward fellow to deal with, on the best of terms, and though many a man has been beaten into bounty, the delight of knocking down three Yankees must be inexpressible, yet we question whether a hero and singer can thus pugilize himself into popularity; as to his beating the whole crew of the packet, of course we have no possible objection to that.

This story is certainly well told, and John Bull must have been "pretty considerably" tickled at the idea of the *hero* who abused and warned with women, on an English stage, being victor also over three stout Yankees on ship board. But the fact happens to be otherwise as Mr. Anderson, in despite of all his power was elegantly flogged, even before he touched on Yankee soil, and bore his honourable bruises about him, along time after his arrival, on shore too, the *bully of women* met a severe rebuke, which unfitted him for professional action for several days. But the closing scene when he was driven from the Park boards in disgrace is proof positive that the Yankees were not tame enough to bear the abuse of a low and vulgar fellow, whose only glory was his contempt of decency, and whose only laurels were plucked by violence from the brows of females in the fast anchored isle. As Mr. Anderson, has now sunk so far beneath contempt that even pity cannot reach him, we leave him to the condolence of those who rejoice to see females insulted, and to the patriotism of all, who wish to see English honor, and American hospitality betrayed by a wretch, who cannot venerate the one, or merit the other.— *Eds. Spirit of the Times.*

Publishers of papers are aspiring beings and some of them soar certainly above all sublunary things, fixing their thoughts piously on objects on high. For instance, one figures in the SUN, another in the "STARS" another in a CONSTELLATION, another in a GALAXY, another in the SKY, and from these elevated heights still look upward to things above. Who then can charge printer's and publishers of papers with grovelling thoughts or mere mundane pursuits, when they soar so far above the world and the things therof that even the in very pedestals are placed in the third or fourth story.—Poetsmay talk of attics, and Parnassus, and Olympus, but printers and publishers far outrun them!

Do you read Skinner's *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine?* If you answer, No: then we say you should. It is undoubtedly the most able work of the kind in the country, and will bear a comparison with any in the world; the Oriental Magazine at Calcutta, or the Sporting Magazine of England, are not more interesting to general readers, nor better "got up." We have before us No. 6 of this splendid work. In addition to an unusual quantity of very interesting articles, there is an engraving of Nocturnal and Aquatic Deer Hunting, which is beautifully done in Hatch and Smillie's best style. We are unacquainted with any publication that has more just claims for a liberal patronage than this, and heartily wish Mr. Skinner that success he so richly merits.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.

We have very little to say on the subject of Theatres this week. Mrs. Austin is at present singing at the Park, and at the conclusion of her engagement, Miss Hughes, who has recently returned from the south, is to appear in the New Opera of "the Maid of Judah." We believe this young lady appeared originally, in London in the part she is to assume here. While speaking of Miss Hughes, we have it from pretty good authority, that during her short engagement at Baltimore, she received some very flattering compliments, from the citizens of that place,—in the shape of costly presents, &c. as a testimony of their regard for her professional abilities and moral worth —This is as it should be.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY.

It is with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that we announce that the AMERICAN THEATRE will be re-opened on the evening of the 22d instant—being the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Washington—on which occasion a galaxy of talent, headed by Mr. HAMBLIN, Mr. BOOTH, and Miss CLIFTON, will appear. We but re-echo the universal sentiment when we say that this Theatre was never opened under more favorable auspices. The high reputation which it has attained—the general good will which it has inspired—and the splendid array of dramatic talent which it will now present, all combine to warrant the belief that the season now about to open will be one of profit to the manager and high gratification to the public.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

The length of the following Comm. has excluded any further notices.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. JUDAH'S BENEFIT.—Saturday evening last was allotted for the benefit of Mr. Judah, an actor who, with out the commanding figure and majestic port which is requisite for a first-rate Tragedian, has yet, by his just conceptions of the characters in which he appears, and his untiring endeavors to "act well his part," won his way to the favor and esteem of the patrons of this Theatre. He had selected for the occasion, the drama of, "The Slave;" the part of Gamba, by Mr. J. himself, in which we do not hesitate to affirm that he far exceeded the hopes even of his admirers. No one could witness his personification of the Slave, without feeling that Mr. J. was fully acquainted with the nature and extent of his powers, and had chosen the character best calculated to display them. The principal female character, Zelinda, was sustained by Mrs. DUFF. That it was well sustained we need not say—but we hardly know whether to characterize as generosity or imprudence the facility with which she is induced to undertake *any thing* which may be assigned to her, in the whole range of the Drama. If it be ambition, which leads her thus to attempt the personification of every variety and grade of female character, we assure her that it is ill-judged. Her's is the highest—the very highest rank in Tragedy; and her appearance in any walk below this is calculated, if not to render her less perfect as a tragic queen, at least to diminish materially the interest which her acting, when confined to her own proper sphere, must necessarily excite. Mr. Clark appeared as Col. Lindenberg; and dearly should we love to flatter him with the assurance that he is a most finished villain, but conscience interposes her insuperable veto—so we are constrained to leave it unsaid. Mr. Mestayer, sustained the character of Dick Fogrum, a genuine "Lummuner," to the great amusement of the audience. We have a mind to speak a kind word for this gentleman, mainly for the reason that he avoids the fault of spoiling his part by overacting it, so universal among comic actors. In his personification, we invariably find the character represented, and not that overstrained carricature of it, which the acting of comedy so generally presents. If the lady who appeared as Miss Van Tramp, had allowed herself to appear a little older and something uglier, she would have looked more like her character. On the whole, however, the piece was well performed, and of course received with thunders of applause.

The pleasant little interlude of "Nature and Philosophy, or, the boy who had never seen a woman," succeeded. The part of the boy by Mrs. Russell—whose archness and vivacity have done so much to support the standing of the establishment, and exhilerate the spirit of its visitors. Philosophers may sneer at the simplicity and absurdity of this story, (the idea of which is very little improved upon in its dramatic form,) but they would have laughed, and that right heartily, if they had seen Mrs. Russell as Cora, on this occasion—though we must say that she looked some years younger than she should have done. As for the rest of the acting in this play, it was mere "leather and prunella."

Mr. Mestayer then sung a comic song, with his usual taste and effect, and should have been permitted to retire, considering the active part which he had taken in the performances of the evening. But that conglomerated monstrosity—that superlative, incorrigible—the Fit, must drag him back, and force him to sing the "Sly Young Crow," in which he is well known to be in no wise superior. The overbearing, unreasonable disposition manifested by the gentlemen dictators of "public opinion" in the pit, to listen to no explanation or apology, when they have once expressed their sovereign pleasure, is an usurpation of the rights of the quiet portion of the audience, which will not always be tamely endured. Aside from this, the conduct of these worthies deserves special notice and reprehension. Does any little accident or mistake occur upon the stage, requiring rather the forbearance than the censure of the house—*that* affords a fine opportunity for the "learned Thebans" in the pit to display their critical acumen—an opportunity which seldom goes unimproved. Does any one on the stage drop a remark which can be tortured into indelicacy or vulgarity—then might well apply the language of the poet—

"Up rose the universal shout,
That tore hell's concave."

(We humbly beg pardon of the powers of darkness for insinuating a comparison between their infernal pit and a theatrical one.)

"Will Watch, or the Black Phantom," concluded the evening's entertainments; but we had once before remained to witness the *last* performance of this piece, without being able to find anything in its improbable incidents and barren language to repade us for the time. Not the least of its insults, is the sacrilege of dragging in Mrs. Duff to enact the part of a lackadaisical damsel—against which we solemnly protest. "Here endeth the first lesson!" G.

CHATHAM THEATRE AND CIRCUS

We must say the public manifest a strange waywardness with respect to this clever little establishment. In the fashionable circles and newspapers, the Park and Richmond Hill divide the attention, and engross the conversation of the knowing ones. A stranger would hardly discover that another Theatre was now in operation within the limits of our good city. And yet, though we rarely have leisure to step into it, we invariably find a variety of dramatic and equestrian performances and a numerous and gratified audience. Mr. Stickney, an equestrian performer of acknowledged ability, takes a benefit this evening: the claims of this old favorite, we hope will be ample satisfied by his former patrons and a generous public.

A new play by Capt. S. E. Glover, of the ship Talahasse, entitled the "Cradle of Liberty, or, Boston in '75," was performed at New Orleans on the 16th of January, and received with great applause.

Mr. Forrest played William Tell at Alexandria (D. C.) on Friday.

"THE TERRAPIN."

Last Thursday evening we paid a visit to the Terrapin Grotto, corner of Broadway and Anne-street, under the American Museum, and were highly delighted and entertained with the songs, recitations, &c. many of which were given in a very superior style. We advise all lovers of harmony unmingled with any thing approaching to ribaldry, to "drop in," on those evenings devoted to the "Muses;" it is the most pleasant way to spend an hour or two that we can possibly recommend.

CONSCIENCE.—If a man was just eating a tough piece of beef and was even about to call to his assistance any one of the *British gods*, which would he invoke?

Answer. CHAUCER.

STUPIDITY.—"I believe the jury have been *inoculated for stupidity*," said a lawyer; "that may be," said his opponent, "but the bar are of opinion that you had it the *natural way*."

CAUTION.—An order has passed the board of aldermen of Boston, that no member be allowed to address the chairman with his cane in his hand.

A good example and excellent receipt, from a Savannah paper:

Any person really destitute of the means of procuring wood in this very cool weather, can by applying to the subscriber, receive dry wood for a week gratis. JOSEPH STYLES.

GENEVA BANK.

Reports were in circulation in this City yesterday, that the "Bank of Geneva" had stopped payment. We are not aware how this report have originated. We have always considered this Bank to be one of the soundest and best managed institutions in the state—and therefore feel confident that there is no foundation for the rumor.

JOHN G. SCOBIE, Book and Job Printer, No. 103, Chatham-street, New-York. All orders in the above line attended to with punctuality and dispatch and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—Also, Gold and Ornamental Jobbing respectfully solicited, terms moderate.

S. H. JACKSON'S Book and Job Printing Office, No. 152 Chatham-street, New York, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Cards, Notices, Posting-Bills, Handbills, Circulars, Labels and Blanks of every description, are executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.

Bardotte's Dressing Room,
156, BROADWAY,
Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son.

It chanced that in strolling Broadway,
And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte
Was so charm'd with what I there saw,
That I cannot but wishingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich fixtures conveniently placed,
Towels of the purest French linen,
Razors of rare silver steel,
Indeed I do here ly a deal,
'Tis the finest I ever have been in.

Bardotte, in his art so advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentleman's hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And sp[illegible] it to that of their faces.

His Italian *tool*, holds a sway,
The roughest skin scarce by can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
As his execution Dressing Room, oft.

A FRIEND TO LUXURY.

Commission and Exchange Office,
130 BROADWAY

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canades, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c., payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYESLVSTER.

Bignall's Prize Office,
144 Broadway.

ON Saturday, February 11, will be drawn at Philadelphia, the favorite Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 3, for 1832—51 No. Lottery—8 ballots to be drawn. Yates & Mc Intyre Managers

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$2,000	1	do.	5,000
1 do.	3,106	4	do.	1,000
14 do.	500	35	do.	100

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Tickets Five dollars. Shares in proportion—For sale at Bignall's.

On Tuesday February 14, will be drawn at Wilmington, (Del.) the Grand Consolidated Lottery, Class No. 3, for 1832—60 No. Lottery, 9 drawn ballots. Yates & McIntyre, Managers.

SCHEME—1 prize of $20,000; 1 do. 3,000; 1 do. 1,665; 10 do. 1,000; 13 do. 500; 13 do. 200; 50 do. 100, &c. &c. &c. Tickets $5; shares in proportion. For sale at *Bignall's*.

$100,000 for only $10!!

The very brilliant DELAWARE & NORTH CAROLINA Lottery will be drawn at Wilmington, (Del.) on Tuesday, Feb. 28th, 1832. Ten ballots to be drawn. Yates & McIntyre Managers.

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$20,000	1 prize of	5,000
1 " "	5,000	1 " "	3,000
100 " "	1,000	56 " "	1000
56 " "	100	&c. &c. &c.	

Tickets $10, shares in proportion, for sale at BIGNALL'S.—Wholes, Halves, Quarters, and Eighths. No disappointment to those who call on Bignall.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

Notice.

H. CLINTON PAGE continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New York such as Gravestones, tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funernal Monuments, of every description, executed to order with elegance and despatch.

N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any that he trade in the city. dec 16of

S. COX, Jr.
STEAM SCOURER, 63 CHATHAM STREET,
one door from Pearl-st.

WHERE he respectfully informs his friends and the public he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. Gentlemen's coats, cloaks and pantoons scoured on reasonable terms.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. [illegible] jl4 1y

H. L. [illegible]
FASHIONABLE HAIR-CUTTER,
[illegible] CHATHAM-ST. [illegible]

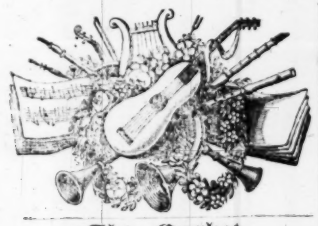
NOTICE.—A lottery will be drawn in New-York each Wednesday throughout the year. The Union Canal Lottery of Philadelphia, will be drawn every other Saturday. Schemes varying from five to ten dollars.

A Lottery is drawn every Friday at Richmond, Va. S. J. SYLVESTER.

Prizes will be cashed at the Office of Messrs. [illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa. 101 Broadway, New York, Main street, Paterson, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

When Money is enclosed without the Lottery being specified, tickets will be forwarded in the most approved of Yates and McIntyre's Schemes. A considerable discount allowed to Clubs and to those who purchase packages. S. J. SYLVESTER



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From the New-England Galaxy.

EPITAPH ON BANG.

Who was bruised, maltreated, and finally hung to death, for bravely defending his master.

Beneath this sod, lies my poor dog,
His honored name was Bang,
A better ne'er did master flog,
A braver ne'er did hang.

They caught him by the tail and tied
Him howling to a tree,
They pelted him till he *ki-ied*,
Which more provoked their glee.

Potatoes, eggs and stones they threw,
And screeched and shouted they,
And fish-horns lustily they blew,
And load their conchs did bray.

He struggled hard, in vain he tried
To give to them leg-bail,
For he unto the tree was tied
Too strongly by the tail.

And every struggle he did make,
But wrenched that tail the more,
Alas!—no pity would they take,
But handled him full sore.

At last poor Bang grew faint and weak,
His tongue grew hard and dry,
No longer could they malice wreak,
No more could he ki-i.

They loosed him therefore from the tree,
And stretched him on the ground,
And felt his pulse, so as to see
If life could still be found.

They got a dentist's instrument,
And fixed it on a tooth,
And pulled away, as if they meant,
To spoil his face, forsooth.

At this he kicked, they shouted joy,
On thus restoring life,
And one a ragged, roguish boy,
Got out his string and knife.

He fixed the string unto a tree
And to the string a hook,
And to the hook, poor Bang, did he
Hang up with a school-book.

He fixed a loop, he haul'd a rope,
Poor Bang was launch'd on high,
They raised a shout—a merry joke
That thus poor Bang should die.

As I came by, I saw him swing,
Yes! saw him swinging there,
I wept,—it was a cruel thing
To see him take the air.

I hired a man to cut him down
And dig his peaceful grave,
To place o'er him the humble stone,
His memory to save.

And on it here, let me record
These woes of my lost friend,
Wishing that those who used that cord,
By cords their lives may end.

O! on the big black gallows-tree
May they be doomed to hang!
And may the hempen collar be
Th' avenger of poor Bang!

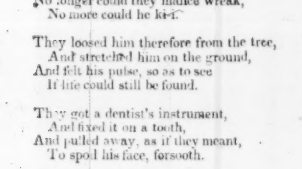
Rowing Match near Philadelphia.

A short time since, a number of gentlemen assembled at the point House Piers, to witness a rather novel race. There were nine batteaux entered, each rowed by one man, with a pair of sculls. The distance two and a half miles down and return—the batteau first in to be entitled to a purse of $20, or a new boat of the same value. The prize was handsomely won by Mr. George Bastian, who came in some 20 yards ahead. They came in in the following order;

First batteau,	Geo. Bastian,
Second do.	Jos. Volmer.
Third do.	Jas. Brandt.
Fourth do.	Jno. Fesmire.
Fifth do.	Hy. Young.
Sixth do.	Jno. Easterday
Seventh do.	Sam. Rhodes.
Eighth do.	Jno. Potts.
Ninth do.	Nath. M'Culloch.

Whole distance (5 miles) performed in 45 minutes with ease.

Cholera.—Prince Levins, the Russian ambassador, prescribes—the moment the least symptom of approach of the cholera, 20 to 30 drops of laudanum, the same quantity of æther, to be taken in camphor, julip or peppermint water; rhuharb or tincture of it to be taken if neccessary; but on no account salts or magnesia, then send for medical advice. No case has proved fatal with these precautions. A person by the name of Taylor, calls this disease, in the Liverpool Mercury, "The *Melanæma* or *Black Blood* disease," for which he prescribes the inhalation of oxygen gas.



From the Sporting Magazine.

BUCK HUNT.

A straggling buck, of extraordinary size, says a correspondent, having been seen in a neck of woods near the western borders of Raleigh, N. C. where deer for many years had not been known to frequent, and of late the haunt only of foxes; the next morning after the receipt of this delightful intelligence, G. W. H., A. C. and myself drew forth our whole pack of hounds, and moved silently along the Hillsboro' road, in that direction. Our horses were gay, our dogs ripe for the chase, the air was mild, the wind was rolled, the sky was clear, and the sun looked smiling on the world—the woodland hills were decked with autumn's rich and variegated colors, while on our left were spread, fields loaded with an abundant harvest of corn. Influenced by an agreeable association of ideas, arising out of the objects thus presented to our view, in connection with the grand purpose of our movement, we sat proud in our saddles, and stood like "Don Quixote" in our stirrups; the smiling country lasses, the jolly clowns, and all others we met, received in turn, our kindest and most gracious salutations.

Arrived now, at the point where each huntsman assumes his separate sphere of action according to the following plan—H. throws in the dogs and secures the head of Buffalo—C. guards on the south, the pass between Waterloo and Pauli—Hawk-eye occupies Stony Point, to the north, on the old Chatham road. 'Now A. give us time—keep the pack quiet—muzzle the mouth of that babbling Trim—have an eye upon Laughing Pot, for I see from his looks this morning, that he has more conceited notions in his noddle than he ever had fleas in his back—keep him and Bellman apart, for if old Pot gets a chance of giving him a wink they will be off, and have the Luck out before the ground is covered—we part now, my lads, but soon to meet and shake hands over the antlers of this noble visitor." C. and myself dashed for our stations—mine being the most remote, I had barely time, after my arrival there, to settle the points most eligible for operation, before I heard the challenge of Flora—this may be a fox, thinks I, but the proof dogs will soon remove all doubts—Black Loudon joins in, it looks well,—there is old Bonney, still better—Ah, there is old laughing Pot, and Bellman too, now I would swear upon a stack of fence rails the buck is there, and though his trail meander like the thread of a stocking, he will be ferreted out. Every dog now chimes in, "the trail draws near the eastern side of Paoli, where an extensive apple-orchard borders upon the forest—the buck has been there to get a smell, if not a taste of the fruit—it turns again to the east"—now, suddenly, a tremendous burst of the pack announced that he was up and in full view of every dog. He stood for the head of Buffalo, whh a swell behind him such as never saluted his ear before. "Look sharp, H. and give us a good account. Ah, he wears to the south; he is evidently manœuvring; he threatens C. but will strike at Stony Point—he turns, he turns as I expected. I brushed up the brim of my hat; Stony Point sings the triumphal song to-day. Ah! how is this—he turns again, and lays a line to the south—he dies at that point or goes through—now C. look out. I know you are none of the sort to sleep on your post, nor to mistake the guard for the trigger.—Hold fast apples in Paoli orchard, for when C's gun goes, she shakes the burs from the tops of the highest pines. He is out! he is out without a shot!! O, how is this dreadful affair!. I ran to my horse and mounted in an instant; Charley knew, from the pressure of my knees, that there was to be a rush, and bolted up the old Chatham, the way I set his head, like a courser from the poles.—To reach the western range of highlands, stretching to the south, and intersecting the probable rout of the buck at "Peggy Holloman's old field," was the only way by which he could probably be cut off, and this, though a forlorn hope, I ventured boldly upon, for desperation was on me, and I am ashamed to acknowledge that in my rapid flight, while I thought of C.'s letting the buck get by him without a shot, I smote the pummel of my saddle in wrath and with violence, and showered down upon him all sorts of direful imprecations. My horse receiving an impetus from the excited feelings of his rider, entered the Hillboro' road under such a press of sail, that he run in slap dash against a cart, but making a dexterous wheel, cleared the breaker without damage,—the countryman shouted, and offered me his barrel of cider for my horse. I was in no humor for joking, but went ahead, and gained the highlands at Wedding's path. The cry of the pack began now to fall strong upon my ear, yet sufficiently remote to induce me to believe I was well ahead and without doubt would gain the point of decination in time. On my arrival at Perry Holloman's, I was much surprised and greatly disappointed to discover that the chase, contrary to all calculation, was standing to the east; it soon occurred to me, however, that the buck would be forced to the north by the fields in his way upon that line, and that I should most certainly intercept him at the corner of Williams' old field—threw myself back immediately upon Wedding's path, and pressed forward with most sanguine hopes of a successful issue; but, by the time I reached that point, it was evident he had forced his way through inclosed fields and cleared to the south, throwing me, the third time, in the rear of the chase, when I had expected to have been in the front. Disappointed and baffled at all points, no hope remaining to prompt further exertions, my wrath rose again to its highest range. I saw at this moment, C. crossing rapidly before me, I called to him as he passed by, in an angry and vociferous tone.—how is this, my dear sir, how is this *rascally* mismanagement? A fox!—a fox!—"Yes, a fox, and a devil of a fox," he replied. I dismounted from my horse and sat down upon the ground, with my back against an old stump of a tree, for my spirit was sunk within. After being excited with the highest hopes, then baffled at all points, till worn down with disappointment and fruitless exertions, it turns out that all these arduous and misdirected efforts have been forced upon me by a gross imposition of our dogs, unparalleled in dogs disciplined as they are—it is too much, and I'll be doubly revenged on them for this day's work. This noble buck will never again be heard of in these woods, after such a tremendous hubbub as there has been this morning. Bellman and old Pot both knew, as well as I know my gun is now in my hand, that the season of foxing had not arrived, and that we were out for deer and nothing else. Well, my lads, I shall see you after awhile. Had you died yesterday a tomb of marble would have been erected to your memory; but now, you shall be food for the buzzard and carrion crow. Before yonder sun takes leave of this unfortunate day, they shall hang upon a gallows forty cubits high.

While these reflections were passing through my mind, I heard the pack returning from the south under a heavy swell, bearing down toward the residence of an old sportsman. I rose from my humble seat and cocked a listening ear—the chase still nearing, and soon became so inspiring it was impossible for me to remain longer in my gloomy mood. I mounted Charley and bolted for the scene of action. When arrived at the borders of the cleared ground, opening a view to the house of the old sportsman, the hounds were seen sweeping the lawn and the fox just entering a piece of thick underwood which skirted the grove of large oak surrounding that mansion of hospitality: and when I had applied the spur for a more rapid movement, I saw his daughters, chips of the old block, and Miss L. B. of the same stamp—passing over the fences with astonishing agility to join in the chase. I drew up my horse—to approach nearer would hazard a discovery, which I was afraid might cause them to fly. The fox was now dashing out and in at every side of the piece, and headed at all points by the lovely pursuers, screaming with transport, while the pack rolled impetuously on, crowding him at every corner. At length Reynard made a bold push and gained the grove, but finding no place promising a greater security, endeavored to return again to the brush out of which he had just been routed; but intercepted, and at one time nearly surrounded by the little band of nymphs, and astounded by such a clatter of hands and extatic tumult, he broke away, reached the fence, through which he passed and entered the plain. I saw the intrepid huntresses scaling the fence with temerity; I saw the rail, unable to sustain such a weight of loveliness, give way under Miss B.; I saw how wonderfully and gracefully she recovered, the pack passing at the same moment with a mighty crash, the fox now sinking upon the lawn in full view, while these lovely damsels were seen mingling with the flying pack to victory. Unable to hold myself in longer, dashed my hat against the ground and bolted like a madman into the scene. The fox was taken before my arrival, and I saw these interesting creatures gathered among the dogs at the death, but hearing the thundering approach of a horseman, dashed like frighted fawns, with garments rent and dishevelled, raven locks streaming in the air, they fled across the field, and I, an old fool (but could not help it) pursued them as if I was charging routed and flying infantry, till they were ready to cry out with alarm, brought them to bay, finally, huddled up in a corner of the fence like lambs surrendering to a voracious mastiff. I jumped from my horse, not to receive a surrender, but to surrender myself. I caught for my hat to lay it at their feet, by way of a beginning to a flaming dash off speech, but so soon as they discovered that it was their old freind, they got round me. "Oh," said they, "we are so glad it is you we don't know what to do, for we have just had a rare frolic here, and would not for the world that any body else should have discovered us." Their tongues went like so many ratle boxes, gave me no chance whatever of flourishing a speech, every one talking at the same time, telling about the chase, and a thousand funny things—told me that old laughing Pot led the pack most gallantly, and the first to bite the fox. I inquired who had gained the brush? Miss B said "but for a small accident cousin S. would not have had that honor." Miss M. contended "that but for her locks getting entangled in the jimson burs, she would have been the girl to carry off the prize"—but all agreed that if they had not locked up their sister A. who was sick, and left their sister *L.* to guard the window, to keep her from jumping out, she would have been ahead of all. Thus they rattled on, full of life and gaiety, till we arrived at the door, where I took my leave, after decining many civilities, such as would have been tendered, had the old sportsman been at home. Every one promised, however, before my departure, that if they should hereafter, ever hear the ladies growling about the early rising of the gentlemen for the chase, neglect of family concerns, &c. they would raise an insurrection against all such whining owls, and all such nonsensical chimney corner doctrines.

When I had got to the gate, they discovered for the first time that I was without a hat, and inquired how it had happened. I told them that it had been lost in the chase. They laughed heartily, and remarked, they could readily sympathise with me, as they had themselves sustained heavy losses in all sorts of trumpery. I mounted Charley, flourished my horn, drew off the pack, regained my hat, fell in with my brother sportsmen, who had been thrown out in the chase, related the scene I had witnessed, and with them returned home.

HAWK EYE.

AUGUSTA RACES.

The Augusta Geo. Race Turf has been purchased by Mr. Miner, a gentleman of that city, with the view of getting up a Jockey Club immediately, and providing for regular races during the ensuing spring. The Subscription Book already contains the names of several of the most respectable citizens; and it is the proprietor's intention to have the Club alone formed of such, and the utmost order and decency to be preserved in all matters connected with the Turf. On such principles there can be no doubt of its success.

The formation of a Race Course at Augusta will also materially benefit that flourishing city, from the concourse of strangers and the business that results from it; and as such, it should claim the patronage of those who wish well to the prosperity of the place, and are disposed to aid in promoting it.

☞ A CHALLENGE.—The owner of Pacific (full brother to Bertrand,) says, that Cotton's colt Dé Kalb, by Pacific, that won the purse at Clarksville and the stake at Nashville, (half of him afterwards sold for $1000,) can be backed for any sum his friends can command, to run from two to four miles and repeat, over the Nashville course, against *any colt in America!*

RACES. The Sweepstake Race, which took place yesterday, according to appointment, between four horses, $100 entrance each, was handsomely won by Mr. Pryor's horse, Timoleon, lately owned by Wm. Shannon, Esq.

A match-race between Timoleon and Mr. Kelly's horse Restless will be run over the Augusta Turf, on Friday, the 10th inst. for $500 a mile. —*Augusta (Geo.) paper.*

Charleston Races.

The regular racing of the week closed yesterday, and the following was the issue of the contest for the two mile heats:

Col. Spann's Sea Gull,	1	2	3	1
Mr. Singleton's Juliet,	3	3	1	2
Mr. Harrison's Frantic,	2	1	2	3

The first heat was run in 3 m. 52 s.—the second in 3 m. 50 s.—and the third in 3 m. 51 1-2 s.—and the fourth in 3 m. 57 1-2 s.

Throughout the week the weather has continued very favourable for the sports of the turf; and the citizens generally, and many visitors from the country, have participated in their amusements, and enjoyed the recreations of a little elegant indulgence, in a manner becoming the character of gentlemen and Carolinians.

The racing of yesterday, however, eclipsed entirely all that preceded it during the week, and will long be remembered on the Washington course for its vicissitudes, hard pushing, and fair competition. It has not been equalled with us for many a year, and probably will not be rivalled for many to come. The most intense interest was raised at the very commencement of the heats, and was kept up and increased till the last foot of ground was bounded over, at the close of the fourth contest for victory.

First heat.—Sea Gull the favorite; but he was hard pushed by Frantic, and all the horses were put at their speed from the start.—Sea Gull took the heat, Frantic coming in second, whilst Juliet barely saved her distance.

Second heat.—The start was very foul—Frantic getting fully sixty yards in the lead. Sea Gull pushed him with great strength and speed, and came so hard upon him that Frantic took the heat by only about a half a length;—Juliet merely saving her distance.

After this heat Frantic became the favorite, and the odds, before in favour of Sea Gull, were transferred to his conqueror on the second trial. Juliet was scarcely counted upon.

Third heat.—This was a very close heat, and, to the surprise of all, Juliet took it—Frantic coming in close behind her.

In this state of the racing, Juliet became the favourite; as it was supposed she had been saved in the first and second heats, and showed in the third that her speed and bottom were excellent—three to one in her favour, and as each horse had now won a heat, and the fourth was to decide the contest, the greatest excitement and anxiety were felt by the spectators for the final issue of the race.

Fourth heat.—Frantic took the lead in gallant style, and maintained it throughout the first round, but in the second round he was beautifully passed by Juliet—Sea Gull barely hobbling his own. Bets were now ten, twenty to one in favour of Juliet, but no takers—it was "Lombard street to a china orange."

Sea Gull, however was not to be conquered.—At the last half mile of the track he was put to his full stretch, and the struggle between him and Juliet became one of the handsomest trials of speed ever seen on any course. All was breathless anxiety in the spectators, and so close was the contest that the crowd could not pretend to judge which was the winner, but on passing the stand, the victory was declared to be gained by Sea Gull—he coming in just half a head before his well trained competitor. Every heat was a hot one—the whip being put to all the horses from the jump.

Turf Reg.

SHAKSPEARE.

Extract to the Editor, dated Liberty, Va. January 11th, 1832.—"Mr. Terry, of this place, sold on the 5th inst. his stallion Shakspeare, to Messrs. Muse and Howard, of Tennessee, for the handsome price of $8000, after having made his owner above the sum of $17,000 in four seasons, at this place.—I understand he will stand the ensuing season at Lexington, Ky." Mr Terry gave Col. W. R. Johnson $1500 for him at five years old.—(For his pedigree, see vol. 3. No. 7. page 358.)

Performances.

The spring he was three years old he won the colts race at Newmarket, at three heats; six subscribers, purse $1200; beating Betsey Archer, Jannette, Rockingham, and others, very easily;—repeating in fine time.

The same spring he won the jockey club purse, two mile heats, at Spring Hill; five starting.

The fall after he was three years old he won the annual poststake at Newmarket; two mile heats; five subscribers, $200 each; beating easily Janette, Mr. Harrison's Virginian, and two others.

Same fall he won the proprietor's purse at Nottoway, two mile heats; beating Phillis, Arratus, and one other, with ease.

The next week he run at Belfield for the jockey club purse of $500, three mile heats, which he won with ease; beating Bertraud, Arratus, and two others.

The week after he won the jockey club purse at Spring Hill, two mile heats; beating Bluster and two others, hard in hand.

The spring he was four years old he won the jockey club purse of $600, at Belfield, three mile heats; beating the distinguished race mare Ariel in fine time.

The next week he won the jockey club purse of $800, at——, at one heat, which he took so easily that nothing would start against him the 2d.

The next week he run at Newmarket, four mile heats, and was beat by Gohanna at three heats; Shakspeare beating Flirtilla in the same race;—they contending so closely as to injure each other, and thereby gave Gohanna the race.

The fall he was four years old he was trained—sustained an injury in his hind ankle—was turned out, taken up again, and run. He was beaten by Ariel, Monsieur Tonson and Sally M'Gee. He was then turned out and wintered,—his ankle improved.

The spring he was five years old he was again trained, and run at Halifax, N. C. for the proprietor's purse, two mile heats, which he won in great time; beating Mulatto Mary, and others.

The next week he won the jockey club purse of $500, at Belfield, three mile heats, at three heats; beating Sally M'Gee. After which time I purchased him of Col. Wm. R. Johnson, at $4500; and it will be seen from the above statements that he has beat almost every racer of distinction that was on the turf with him. Among them Janette, the favorite of New-York—Bertrand, the favorite of South Carolina—Flirtilla and Ariel, the favourites of Virginia; as well as Aratus, Mark Time, Philis, Rockingham, Betsey Archer, &c. &c.

February 22, 1831. WILLIAM TERRY.

Dr. S. Baker & Sons,

SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of TOOTH POWDER at a reasonable price; and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth; and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 4, 1832.

S J SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞ Orders must be addressed in all cases to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York, Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent—the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

☞ No connection with any other person in the city and no one has permission to solicit orders in my name.

DENTIST

Dr. I. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 53 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Vert Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1y

TO THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

JONATHAN ELLIOT, of the city of Washington, respectfully requests the Editors or publishers of Newspapers within the several States and Territories of the Union, to furnish him, *through the Members of Congress* of their particular States or Districts, at the Seat of the Federal Government with *three* copies of their Newspapers [marked "one" "two," and "three"] issued on [or about] Wednesday, the 22d of February, 1832. (*being the Centennial Anniversary of General Washington.*)

As his motive is entirely disinterested and patriotic in making this request, it being his desire to produce *positive evidence* of the number of Newspapers printed in the United States and the territories, he desires that particular attention may be paid to this request; and above, by the publishers of country papers in distant towns, that are, comparatively little known, and if, at the same time, they would communicate in their papers any *statistical information* relative to their immediate neighborhood, it would be highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

It is intended that every newspaper received, shall be carefully preserved and arranged, by States, in a room at Washington, devoted for this object; one set to be eventually deposited in the Library of Congress; the *duplicate* set to be transmitted to O. Rich, Esq. of London, (Agent for the purchase of Books, &c. for the Congressional Library,) to be by him placed in the British Museum; and the *triplicate* set to be retained for some public institution.

It is intended, also, as soon as this collection is completed, to publish in a *tabular form*, in the public prints, for the information of the people of the United States, a list of all the Newspapers, embracing the name, place, and period of publication, and terms of subscription. Great pains will be bestowed to make this list (being an important result to be gathered from the collection) as perfect as the material will admit.

☞ It is hoped that the intelligent conductors of Newspapers, favorable to the above project, will oblige the advertiser by inserting this communication in their respective papers, to each of whom a copy of the tabular statement, will be transmitted, as soon as published. 1t4

Domestic Happiness Portrayed,

THE above work is now ready for delivery and will be presented to Subscribers immediately. Others who wish to procure this valuable work, will be supplied with a copy at subscription price by applying at the Publishers office, 53 Fulton street, up stairs. 31 Dec. 1831.

Boots, Shoes, and Caps.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair	Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.		
1000 do	do	second quality	do do
5000 do	do	thick pegged and sewed Boots.	
5000 do	do	kip Brogans and Shoes.	
1000 do	do	fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.	
2000 do	Gentlemen's calf	do	do
3000 do	Boys' thick	do	do
1000 do	do	fine sewed	do
3000 do	Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.		
2000 do	do sewed and pegged leather Boots.		
4000 do	do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.		
1000 do	do Lasting	do	do
500 do	do half heeled Roans.		
1000 do	Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.		
2000 do	do Buckskin	do	do
3000 do	do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.		
2000 do	Misses lasting and Morocco Shoes.		
5000 do	Children's leather,	do	do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

Samuel Phillips,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Fruiture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 218 Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Notice to Storekeepers.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers, in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S. has connection in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as those of larger amounts; it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may depend on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, or New-York, the subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER. d24

Drugs and Medicine.

DR. W. HORTSEN, 111, Grand Street, corner of Elm Street, has on hand a complete and extensive assortment of genuine Drugs and Family Medicine. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. From a regular apprenticeship, served with one of the first chymists in the world, and a continuance in it for the last 40 years, Dr. H. flatters himself that the Public will find its advantage in purchasing from a regular druggist instead of ignorant pretenders.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, 175, Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

Robert H. Elton,

Engraver on Wood, No. 137, Division st.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.

THE public are respectfully informed that this popular establishment still continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchased at *Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages new and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Galleries—Horses kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The RIDING ACADEMY under the immediate superintendance of Mr. *Blyth* is open for the winter season, and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

BLYTH & WATSON,
22 *Dec.* 1831. Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making, to bring out new articles, which may be dependen upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping, as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, their lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country, are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand, and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

Every article made use of in the Printing line, furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices.

JAMES CONNER.
Franklin Buildings, corner of Nassau & Ann sts.

Musical Instruments, &c.

CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN, Manufacturer of Musical Instruments, having taken the First Premium for the best Flutes, Accordions, Kent and Pocket Bugles, at the Annual Fair of the American Institute, offers for sale the following Instruments, which are not surpassed by any in the Union: Patent Flutes of the newest improved style, tipt Flutes, plain Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Flageolets, double Flageolets, Bassoons, Bass Horns, Serpents, elegant Patis Horns, Kent Bugles, common Bugles, Trombones, Trumpets, Drums, Tamborines, Turkish Cymbols, Bass Viols, Violins, Guitars, Hand Organs, new patent Accordions, Mouth Harmonicas, with instructions in Spanish and English, and a general collection of Piano Forte Music at half price.—Instruction Books for all kinds of instruments, and Music for all kinds of wind instruments. All kinds of instruments tuned and repaired. The subscriber would particularly direct the attention of the public to his newly invented patent Accordion, an instrument played on by the hands, and with the gentlest motion emitting the most complicated and beautiful sounds. It has 6, 7 and 9 keys, and on it may be executed the most difficult pieces without effort. He hopes that the public who have heretofore been very liberal in patronizing him, will still continue to stop at 388 Pearl street, where they will always find a supply of first rate Musical Merchandize on the most liberal terms. He has just received a supply of first rate Roman Violin Strings, at the lowest prices. dec10 tf

TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

March Trade Sale.

THE subscribers notify the *Trade* that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already preparing, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the line. The assortment of Blank Stock to be sold at this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond copies. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plates; the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.

There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.

The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.

Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.

Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these periodical sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for their property.

Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after this date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.

Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments; consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.

Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges as heretofore.

PEARSON & GURLEY,
New York Long Room, 169 *Broadway*.
New York City, Jan. 13, 1832.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

In undertaking the publication of a paper, devoted, as this is designed to be, to the pleasures, amusements, fashions and divertisements of life, the subscribers have been animated by the persuasive encouragements and gratuitous promises of support, of many of the most influential, enlightened and respectable members of the New-York community. It is, to a certain extent, a field unoccupied by others, and one which is deemed important to be filled. For while the politicians, the theologians and the literati of our country have each their separate oracles which (like that at Delphos) proclaim aloud and defend their several opinions and interests; the cause of fashion, of pleasurable entertainments, of taste and recreation, find but few publications of a periodical kind, appropriated solely to their encouragement and support. To paint "life as it is," without the artificial embellishments of romance; to speak of its propensities for enjoyment, its appetite for pleasure, and indulgence, and its tendency to enter into occasional follies, is to do what many must approve, and no one can condemn. For it is certainly no more improper to *record* the sins of men, than to promulgate them orally to the world. "Pleasure," says a noble Frenchman, "is the chief business of life;" and however seemingly incorrect the maxim may be in the estimation of some, yet it is literally true: for the devotee certainly takes pleasure in the exercise of his religion, the merchant and mechanic in their several branches of employment, and the man of letters in his books: while the sportsman who chases the hare, or attends the ring or the race, is only pursuing pleasures in congeniality with his natural or cultivated taste.

In presenting this new candidate for favor and patronage to the public, it is the intention of the publishers to render it as interesting as possible, and to please *all* if they can, without wounding the feelings or disturbing the prejudices of *any*.—The language will be always chaste, so that the most delicate may approve. The paper will treat of FASHION, TASTE, and SCENES OF REAL LIFE, gathered from the every day exhibitions of the world. THEATRES, MUSEUMS, and other fashionable places of resort, will receive appropriate notices, while the SPORTS OF THE TURF, the RING, the PIT, of the FISHER and the FOWLER, will engross no inconsiderable portion of attention. The proceedings of the COURTS, civil and criminal, will as far as possible be given, when matters of interest occur; and more especially those of the POLICE, where Life in all its forms and colorings is so faithfully portrayed. It is also the intention of the editors to devote a considerable portion of each paper to the compilation and dissemination of the news of the day, in a summarial form, which will serve as a brief and faithful record of all important passing events, condensing a large mass into a comparatively small compass.

With these intentions, fully and fairly proclaimed, and with the most perfect good feelings towards all our co-laborers in the same vocation, we present ourselves before an enlightened community as candidates for their patronage and smiles. TERMS—Three Dollars in advance.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
JAMES HOWE.

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